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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour have been to see the King after all, Mr. Asquith following immediately. Of course the newspapers know all about what was said and why the meeting took place; but nobody marks them. It is hard to tell whether the "Times" article is meant to be a lecture to the King, whom it alternately patronises and beslaunders, for interfering with politics, or a censure on Mr. Asquith for dragging him in. The "Times" had better leave alone what it evidently knows nothing about. Mr. Asquith would know what to do in a matter of this kind. Some sort of settlement would naturally suit Mr. Asquith better than fighting out the Budget in a general election. If the Liberals should lose, Mr. Asquith will be out of power; if they should win on the Budget, Mr. Lloyd George will be cock of the walk and Mr. Asquith's position be made impossible. Hence Mr. George's violence at Newcastle.

He is reported by one of his admirers to have said that he intended at Newcastle to out-Limehouse his Limehouse speech. As this was his standard, it is explained how the Newcastle speech was just what it was. But in the interval he had learned partial discretion. He took care at Newcastle to avoid slandering particular persons by name, and you may slander a class, as he is quite well aware, with impunity. This was the line he took at Newcastle. Both he and the Lord Advocate have discovered that lies and exaggerations, when coupled with names, are too easily identified and disproved, and the calumniator shown to be mean and malicious. When Mr. Lloyd George shows on the face of his speech that he

has made up his mind to practise this sort of pettifogging cunning, he cannot wonder that his profession of Welsh lawyer has rather struck the public imagination.

After his speech, how are the Government going to say that the Budget is not a socialistic Budget? They cannot deny at any rate that their Chancellor talks socialism. What was all that nonsense about the landowners not having made the land, nor the mineowners the minerals, but Lloyd George playing at Henry George? True it is the primitive socialism of the uneducated; instructed socialists do not talk such crude stuff. Still, it is socialism, for it means abolishing individual property under pretence of a divine law. Naturally a paper like the socialist "Vorwärts" derides our Chancellor as claiming the whole in principle but only daring to take twenty per cent. in practice. But this sort of predaceous piety makes good electioneering. Gladstone knew it, and if Lloyd George has not Gladstone's art he has all, and more than all, his demagoguery.

This speech has made it impossible for any wavering Unionist Free-trader to doubt as to his duty. Lord Hugh Cecil, in his speech at Manchester on Wednesday, defined the position even more precisely than in his recent letter. As between the dangers inherent in the socialistic Budget and the risks involved in Tariff Reform there can be no choice. The slippery slope of Protection, said Lord Hugh, is not such a steep and slippery slope as the alterations proposed in the very foundations of property. Unionist Free-traders are not prepared to be further exploited for the benefit of Lloyd-Georgism. Of course Lord Hugh does not agree with Lord Rosebery, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith that Tariff Reform is the only alternative to the Budget. Of one thing, however, he may be sure. Whatever be the case to-day, if the Finance Bill became law the capital interest of the country will be hit so hard that Tariff Reform alone could save the business of the country.

Sir Edward Carson at Liverpool spoke of Mr. Lloyd George and his speech with the same freedom of personal invective that Mr. Lloyd George allows himself against the "Dukes." But after all, the Chan-

cellor began it. If the "Welsh attorney" sees all the wickedness of Toryism embodied in Dukes, Lloyd George is a convenient symbol for everything that is outrageous in Liberalism. It is a plain fact in the present situation, as Sir Edward said, that when the baser work of stirring up passion is to be done, Mr. Asquith keeps in the background and Mr. Lloyd George comes to the front.

Mr. Snowden is not feeling happy about the House of Lords. He has apparently been reading a little history, and has no faith left in Liberal agitation. The present Radical outcry is so ancient a thing, and Demos has never come a bit the nearer to his own. It is surely a pretty state of affairs when a Minister goes upon a long journey without his dinner, when there are secret conclaves and mysterious calls, with Demos left in the cold, fobbed off with rumour. This does not look as if the Lords were as negligible as they should be, and these Liberals seem to be tacitly according them a place in the Constitution. Liberals had better be careful, is the inference. There is an old saying about the upper and nether millstones. Is the Liberal party of any real use to anybody?

The Bermondsey Conservatives, or rather the local Conservative association, have pinned their faith on a local man, in fact a local of the locals. It is true that in such parts local familiarity is a real force. We hope Mr. Dumphries will prove equal to his undertaking. If he wins the seat, he need not speak much in the House, after all. There could hardly be a more important election. One thing is quite certain. The Liberal will not get in. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill have been playing with the social democrats, and now they have got their return for it. The socialists are making sure that in any case a Liberal shall not win.

The House of Lords had a good many objections to make to the Development Bill, but they gave it its second reading on Thursday. Nor does it seem likely that in Committee anything will happen to affect seriously the passing of the Bill. But to found on the good will shown to the principle of the Government's measure any speculation as to the intentions of the Lords on the Budget, as the Liberals are doing, is one of the silliest of all the rumours. The Bill, it is true, depends on the provisions for grants made in the Budget, but there is too great a disparity between such a small bribe and such a big object. Lord Carrington did point out that the grants for the benefit of agriculture were to do work now done by the great landlords. This is worth noting, as a commentary on Mr. Lloyd George's speeches, as well as the confession that the grant will redress the "somewhat heavy death duties". But altogether the bait is too small to make the Lords take the Budget.

The latest tame bear in the Irish National Show has quite failed to draw, and "Captain" O'Meagher Condon, the professional "martyr", is withdrawn after a very short run, notwithstanding the "profound impression" which Mr. Dillon was going to make with him on "British statesmen and the British public". Mr. Dillon never did realise a situation, and honest men will wish his showmanship to continue. The success of Mr. Parnell was due largely to his keeping Mr. Dillon quiet and preventing him from saying the wrong thing, but there is no such restraint now. In various parts of Ireland leading Nationalists have resented the attempt to squeeze more money out of them by the martyrdom trick. At Limerick a strong patriot said: "I am not here except to do honour to Captain Condon. I did not come here to get a lecture on the benefits obtained through the Irish Parliamentary party, for I know what they do for the country—a gang of robbers". At Claremorris a strong patriot said: "I protest against this council presenting an address to men who have come over from America like a Buffalo Bill circus, and are being shown round by Mr. J. Redmond and Mr. Joe Devlin". Things began to look bad for the show. The

advance agents read the signs, and the "martyr" was taken off the bill.

All this is very sad, and the ghost walking so lame. What can "the Cause" do now? Time has lessened the number of first-class "martyrs", even if they were not objectionable, and there is not another sensation in view that has any money in it. We have followed Mr. Redmond's oratorical flutter on the Radical platforms, and can find his traditional "no far-distant date" nowhere in it. For more than a generation the "no far-distant date", eloquently mounted, could always catch American dollars; but after thirty years of it, and the "date" more distant than ever, even the Connaught emigrants in the American kitchen grow weary if not suspicious.

How will Mr. T. P. O'Connor be able to face the American rebels with Mr. Redmond on the party platforms of the "brutal Saxon" and the Leaguers of Longford recommending him for the House of Lords? The purse is very low, and that is always the measure of "the Cause". Here is an idea! Take a life-sized figure of "Molly Maguire", in a green sash and Emmett breeches. Let Mr. Joe Devlin keep the door, at a dollar a fool, and let Mr. Redmond hold forth on Molly, showing how, in her day, she cultivated "Irish public opinion" by putting those who could not agree with her to ride naked on a saddle set with "thorns or the bristles of a hedgehog". It might not make the "date" less "distant", but it would fill the purse, a matter so much more important than Home Rule.

Señor Ferrer has paid the extreme penalty for his mischief-making, mischief that meant, as he very well knew it must, loss of life. He who attempts to upset the existing order by violent revolution must expect to forfeit his life if he fails. He appears to have been fairly and fully tried. The demonstrations of sympathy and indignation on the Continent are misplaced. It is significant that these demonstrations in Paris took the form of violent attacks, with bloodshed, on the police. Evidently it is thought that the most fitting tribute to Señor Ferrer's memory is an outbreak against common order. The French Government have been commendably prompt in putting down the rioters. In Spain itself public opinion evidently regards the execution as necessary. This should satisfy foreigners, whom the matter concerns far less than the Spanish.

M. Briand has been to Périgueux, but no one is any the wiser. His speech was a splendidly articulated speech. His utterance was as clear as his message was indistinct. M. Briand has in fact passed along the road trodden by many of his predecessors. In youth his ideas were simple and few, as befitted a son of the Revolution. Since then he has been gradually educated into the vagueness that assails a certain type of mind when confronted with more than one side of a question. Fortunately he retains his beautiful voice, and that gift of generalisation which has never deserted a French statesman in his hour of need. Modern French politics may be resolved into a convenient formula: they are a battle of the young who generalise clearly from one idea with the mature who generalise vaguely from a sense of confusion.

Who can take the idea of a Chinese parliament seriously? The old Empress decreed that China should have constitutional government, and several edicts followed. Apparently they have been really holding elections for provincial councils, which are shortly to meet. Either way they are to have no power: they are to deliberate, to talk, but they are to do nothing. Would it not be better if, instead of playing at parliament, the Imperial Government straightened out its finances, and saw about paying officials a decent salary so that they need not have to squeeze to live?

Indiscretion seems to be the better part of official reticence. So think General d'Amade and Mr. Crane, the American Minister at Peking. Patriotism has its claims, and, though it may lead the patriot into hasty speech entirely to the detriment of his country's dignity or welfare, it is none the less patriotism, and not at all disgraceful. France has managed her little affair quite creditably. Spain will be pleased, because General d'Amade has been rusticated; General d'Amade will enjoy his holiday with a feeling that at any rate he has relieved himself and earned the esteem of all true-hearted Frenchmen. America is more severe upon her no less deserving son. Mr. Crane's diplomatic rustication is likely to last some time.

Did Mr. Harriman, who, it appears, has left the wonderful fortune of about fifty-three million pounds, ever—shall we say?—feel like it? The papers speak of his accumulations; but really that conjures up wrongly the picture of the old-fashioned miser who really did accumulate, and found in so doing what is now recognised as the pleasure attending a certain kind of insanity. His heaping-up was the heaping-up of power in the sort of enterprises that make such men the real masters of their country. It is unfortunate for them that their ambitions cannot be more varied; but this is the fault of their country, which turns its best organising brains into magnified company promoters, and its inferior men into politicians. We wonder whether some day an American will say to himself: "Why, I guess with £50,000,000 I can found a dynasty".

Again for another year the Law Courts have begun their sittings, and for many months the judges will be busy demonstrating the already well-proved fact that they are too few to do the work laid out for them. Lord Loreburn must sigh as he thinks how impossible it will be in the future as it has been in the past to get justice done as speedily as he has said it ought to be done. It would be otherwise if the Government to which he belongs had chosen to reform the Courts instead of planning to destroy them by a revolution. Consistently with their usual policy of offering people what they do not want, instead of making more High Court judges they proposed to let the High Court and the Bar go to decay and apply artificial culture to the County Courts. The House of Lords fortunately stopped that, and so we shall have to wait for a Conservative Government to give the High Court the judges it needs.

In the short time the Courts have been sitting, several interesting cases have been heard. The feeding of famished suffragettes is still on the legal merits sub judice, except as to the Home Secretary. No summons is to be issued against him, and this takes all the savour out of the case for the suffragettes. They will not care a hatpin about the governor and the doctor. The real point at issue—the legal power to feed prisoners starving themselves—will be settled just as well without Mr. Gladstone as with him. But the dear ladies wanted to show that his was the hand that fed them in order that they might bite it.

Mr. Gladstone has struck at the very root of the Suffrage movement by his decision that no more information shall be given to the press as to what takes place in the prison cell. If the women who are sent to gaol for disturbing the peace choose to starve themselves, or to resist forcible feeding, they will at least no longer enjoy the compensation of a free advertisement. The whole spirit will be taken out of their self-imposed sufferings when notoriety is not the instant reward. Very naïve is the protest made by Lady Constance Lytton and others whom the Home Secretary has released against their will. Why should they throw stones at motor cars and the windows of houses and not enjoy the pains and indignities that other women have to endure? Liberty is really harder to bear in such circumstances than prison fare itself.

A bit of Government sharp practice wants exposing. It is very well to provide Mr. Churchill with a chance to make up for time lost this session, but not at the expense of serious business interests. The Assurance Companies Bill, having passed the Lords, was sent to the Commons; but it was never intended that so important a Bill should be run through the Commons at the fag-end of this wearying session. Suddenly the Government announce that they are going to do this, just to fill up the interval while the Finance Bill is in the Lords. The consequence is that many of the insurance companies are taken by surprise. They are not to have the time and opportunity they expected to examine a measure, substantially altered in the Lords, which affects their interests widely, and in some respects injuriously.

Take one instance. The Bill favours foreign re-insurance companies at the expense of British. Some of the biggest insurance companies do their re-insurance business (the sharing of their own risks) with foreign offices. Indeed, they pay two million pounds per annum to foreign re-insurance companies in respect of property insured in the United Kingdom. They do this in the ordinary spirit of trade jealousy. They grudge sharing their business with their English rivals lest they should take their custom away. This class of business is encouraged by the Bill. Under the present law only life offices have to deposit £20,000. By this Bill the deposit will have to be made by every insurance society—life, fire, accident, or employers' liability. It will put an end to many of the offices registered in the United Kingdom who have been doing re-insurance business in other branches than life assurance. Their business will all be taken by the foreign offices, and so the foreign insurance business will be encouraged to the detriment of British.

These foreign offices have no restrictions placed on them by the Bill. They are free from all obligation to make deposits with the Board of Trade as security for the business they transact in the United Kingdom, though their assets are in foreign countries. Compare this with the conditions imposed by the British Colonies and the United States of America, Japan, and other countries, all of which require that the largest of British offices should make very large deposits with their Government before they can underwrite a single risk in any of these foreign countries. British offices ought not to be allowed to place their re-insurance business abroad unless the foreign offices are put on the same footing as the British.

The police have beaten the Automobile Association in the fight about motor traps. Three Judges have decided that the police were obstructed in their duty by a "scout" of the Association who signalled to motorists that they were near a "control" tract set and watched by the police. The scout said he was really assisting the police in preventing the law being broken. No doubt he smiled at his joke, as the Judges did and other people will. There was evidence in the case that before the trap was reached the cars were going above the limit; but the police were bound to corroborate this evidence. By signalling the scout prevented them, and this was the obstruction. But a motorist who just tells a friend of a trap need not fear he is obstructing. The decision goes far enough and not too far.

Events among the flying men have not been going smoothly during the week. It would be unfair to the Aero Club to refer to its dispute with the promoters of the Doncaster meeting as a squabble, for the Aero Club is not squabbling with anybody. The Aero Club is the representative in Great Britain of the International Aeronautical Federation. What authority it has it derives from that fact, and it is not over-stepping that authority. Rightly enough, it says to Doncaster: Fly if you like; but if you persist in flying despite our recommendation not to do so, then we do not recognise

you, and your competitors will find themselves disqualified for future competition under our rules. That is straightforward enough, and in the best interests of the flying men themselves. The new art is highly technical, and requires strict organisation under men with special knowledge. There is only one existing body that can give it this necessary direction, and that is an international body. The representative of that body in Great Britain is the Aero Club.

The fact is that Doncaster is just a financial speculation, and it is in danger of landing the speculators into an unpleasant place. Flying machines are a popular form of excitement just now, and there is a great hurry to make a good thing out of them before the slump sets in. Few of the meetings hitherto have been well planned or thoughtfully executed. Boulogne was a failure; Doncaster is laying bare the speculative skeleton beneath the flesh of high endeavour; Juvisy has revealed a lack of imaginative forethought unparalleled even in the annals of a French railway. It is to be hoped that this phase in the history of the art will soon be completed; that crowds will cease to assemble for a spectacle; that the excited amateur will in the interests of science be eliminated. As things are, we can only wish the International Aeronautical Federation well in its endeavour to bring some sort of discipline into things.

The Polar comedy improves. Commander Peary has proved Dr. Cook to be an impostor out of the mouths of Dr. Cook's Esquimos. But Dr. Cook, it seems, instructed these Esquimos to be discreet in their revelations. They were not to tell Commander Peary about that trip to the Pole. Their discretion must have exceeded the wildest anticipations of Dr. Cook. Surely the calm smile, of which the Press seems to be a little tired, was quite warrantable in the circumstances. The Esquimos came out of it well. Dr. Cook is profoundly touched by their loyal obedience to his instructions. Commander Peary believes all they say. Between them they will turn the heads of these poor boys. We are not informed, by the way, whether the public appearance of Mr. Barrille was received by Dr. Cook with or without the smile. The moral of the whole comedy seems to be this: when one goes exploring with the intention of getting there at all costs, it is advisable either to pay one's guides well, or to make away with them.

A society that calls itself by the portentous name of League of Progressive Thought and Social Service has been holding some meetings this week. Mr. Shaw was amusing in his way. Mr. Caine was equally amusing in his. These two writers and thinkers have much in common. Both take themselves very seriously (we prefer Mr. Shaw's way of doing it). Both are keen social reformers. Neither believes in Mr. Redford. We are glad that they have recognised their affinity. Now that we have a book by Caine with an introduction by Shaw, we may live in hopes of a book by Shaw with an introduction by Caine.

The issue between the "Westminster Gazette" and Mr. George Edwardes is much more than a private matter between the two parties. One's first impression on reading the correspondence published is wonder that the "Westminster" should adopt something of a deprecatory or even apologetic tone in answer to Mr. Edwardes. So far from having anything to apologise for, the "Westminster" had the strongest ground for extreme resentment. Because it did not give unqualified praise to a play he brought out, Mr. Edwardes immediately threatened the "Westminster" with the withdrawal of his advertisements. This is an attempt to influence a newspaper's criticism, or rather notices, by absolutely illegitimate means. It might be described by an uglier name. Such action should be met with determination by the whole press. It is a deliberate suggestion that newspapers should put in a favourable notice in order to get an advertisement.

THE LLOYD GEORGE STYLE.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE is a lawyer, and so is aware of the various defences to an action for slander. In his platform speeches he is careful not to preclude himself from pleading one in particular—"vulgar abuse". Should any of his friends the landlords bring an action for slander against Mr. George in respect of any of the pretty things he is so fond of saying of them, he would doubtless plead that he never said it, and "if he did, it was mere vulgar abuse". In that he would say truly. And this defence would be all the happier that while it would save him from paying damages to the landlord, mere vulgar abuse being a thing not to be taken seriously, not a charge that can be assessed in damages, his unsophisticated hearers, working laymen, would take it entirely seriously, and fully believe that a grave and damaging charge had been made, and in much the same language they would use amongst themselves. Mr. Lloyd George is not a lawyer for nothing. How different this platform flinger of mud from the sucking dove in the House! Abuse is not needed as a reserve defence for things said in Parliament, which are privileged, and would not tell with members who are not quite ignorant enough to believe them.

Really one cannot help feeling that it might be well worth while for the country to petition the King—this would hardly be dragging his Majesty into political controversy—to make Mr. Lloyd George a peer, Parliament voting him two or three good landed estates with a palace apiece and a tidy rent-roll. Somehow or another, too, the *entrée* to his neighbours' houses both in London and the country would have to be secured. How much of this ranting against dukes and landlords should we hear then? One of the most unpleasant characters of the extremely—disastrously—unpleasant style of political advocacy Mr. George is adopting is its obviously personal animus. There is a reserve, we will not say, of venom but certainly of malice about Mr. George's references to aristocrats and landowners that is plainly not political. It is the tone of a man who would destroy the thing he cannot attain. No doubt the itch in those who have not to ruin those who have, though they gain nothing by it themselves, is natural; but it is a nature that a Chancellor of the Exchequer should have schooled into submission. At any rate he ought not to parade it before the uneducated and inflame a most unlovely feeling. Mr. George is setting the worst possible example in political advocacy—we cannot say argument, for he never argues on the platform, though he tries to in the House. It is relapse into a mode that one hoped had rather died out. Mr. George looks about for a popular prejudice. "Who is unpopular?" he thinks. Is there any set of men whom people think badly of without knowing anything about them. "I have it", he says. "Dukes and landlords." So he proceeds to paint dukes and landlords blacker even than the Radical workman imagined them. In order that so black a figure can be seen at all he has to paint the poorer people who live round the duke—servants, tenants, and dissenting ministers—a dazzling white. The income of the rich is set side by side with the income of the poor without comment. Thoroughly successful and thoroughly dishonest advocacy! The trick is very easy—it has no subtlety—but happily few on either side in politics care to practise it. The play is easily trumped by a dishonest opponent—he need not be at all clever. As a matter of mere party tactics the Unionist leaders would doubtless have been wise to accept the land taxes without demur, and concentrate attack on the increase of the beer, spirit and tobacco duties. Mr. Ben Tillett has pointed out how this would have dishied Mr. Lloyd George and put the working classes against him. He is quite right. The ground would have been cut from beneath Mr. George. He would have lost his outcry against landlords, the device which was to divert popular attention from the tobacco and beer duties. And it could have been done without hurting the average Unionist; for, after all, it is but a small minority of Conservatives that are owners of land. Unfortunately there is some honesty in politics, and Unionists have their modicum. Common honesty forbid

their accepting taxes that were unjust to a particular class, unprofitable to the State, and socially and economically injurious. It was a choice between tactics and merits; and, foolish as it may appear, they preferred merits. At least they will come into court with clean hands. They have not swallowed principle for the sake of advantage. We need not claim for those whom these taxes would affect directly and adversely that they are opposing them on altruistic grounds; but the bulk of the party are. At any rate they are opposing them on public not on private grounds, to the disadvantage of the party in an election.

Mr. Lloyd George was very careful at Newcastle, as everywhere, not to go into the merits of his taxes. He wanted his audience to go away with one idea only, that the duke and the landlord were going to be made to smart. He did not show his working-class hearers how they would benefit if the landlords lost. By the present Budget working men pay a great deal more than they paid before. If the land taxes ultimately produce much, what relief from taxation working men would get would not appreciably affect their lives. If Mr. Lloyd George had taken pains to show them what they would gain, instead of what landlords would lose, there would have been disillusion indeed. It is the old story. The crowd are urged to pull something down on the vague promise that they will get their pickings out of the ruins. The thing is pulled down, and their pickings prove extremely meagre. It is not they who get the pickings, they discover; and after a time they become more wary. Old Liberalism was absorbed all the time in pulling down amid the applause of the multitude. But the day came when the working man discovered that he had got extraordinarily little out of the spoil of churches and landlords; and he turned to the Conservatives and social reform. There has not been much pulling down for now a good many years, and the multitude are beginning to forget their lesson. What is any relief from taxation the working man might get by heaping burdens on the land compared with a month's employment? How will spoiling landlords help an unemployed man to get work? These land taxes, with the death duties, will in the end break up the landed class; some, the dukes probably amongst them, will go on, though with difficulty; but the country gentleman as a class will gradually disappear. How will the closing of a country house and the migration of its owner and occupant from the country to London benefit the working classes? Mr. Lloyd George knows well enough that it will not; but he knows that these taxes can bring about the great social and political change he is aiming at.

It is strange that the collectivist does not see that Mr. Lloyd George is creating a most dangerous type of individualism. From the point of view of the employee, from the point of view of the State socialist, he is going for entirely the wrong men. One may admit—we at any rate frankly hold—that individuals may be too rich for the advantage of the community. We do not want Harrimans here. But the man who has his wealth mainly in land necessarily is the least dangerous of all rich men. He is largely immobile; his property is visible and tangible; if he does anything hurtful to the State, or fails to carry out his responsibilities, there is his property to come down upon. Through his land he can always be got at. The land is a constant hostage for his good behaviour. But on the landless rich man the State has no hold. He can go where he likes and live where he likes. He can enjoy his income without any regard to his neighbours or his country. If things look serious for him, he can invest in foreign securities and quit the jurisdiction. The sort of man Mr. Lloyd George seems to be so familiar with, the extremely rich commercial man, who, he says, abounds more in the Liberal than the Unionist party, is a potential danger to any community. His son is often more mischievous still, not being brought up to work and having no responsibilities. The aggregate wealth of such a man is more than that of the landed aristocrat and his command of cash infinitely greater. Yet the Radical Government would heap all the burden on the men with land. What vulgar ignorance is in Mr. Lloyd George's talk of

men with two or three palaces and so many thousands of acres! Does he really suppose these palaces make it easier for their owners to pay heavy taxes? Does he not know that many of them, if they closed their palaces, could live an easier and a more luxurious life in London? We have in mind a family, the hereditary owners of one of the noblest houses in England architecturally and historically, whose income hardly exceeds the cost of repairs, and who live in a few rooms, a corner of the house, as it were, rather than sell it. No doubt to Mr. Lloyd George such people are blank fools; their fine sentiment would not be in his way. These with their palace and their park he would select for special taxation, while struggling Sir Christopher Furness he would let go free.

The socialists and the working classes generally will make a great mistake if they unlearn the lesson they learnt from the results of the old Liberal régime. They learnt that it was not the "swell" they had to fear, not the duke nor the bishop; but the commercial rich man who lived solely by the maxims of political economy and to whom every other man, and woman, was but a machine to make him money. He was a creation of Liberal economics, of Free Trade; hence Mr. George's tenderness for him in contrast to his spite against the Tory land-owning aristocrat.

THE BERMONDSEY ELECTION.

BERMONDSEY, like Byron, has suddenly awoke to find itself famous. In the same way Peckham two years ago, a South London constituency, whose very whereabouts was unknown to Fleet Street and Pall Mall, accidentally became the centre of the world's desire. The explorer who crosses London Bridge and walks due south will find himself in the heart of "the Borough", which is bounded on the east by Rotherhithe with its docks and wharves, and on the west by Blackfriars and the Stamford Street district. There is a dignity about decay; and Bermondsey is a victim of Free Trade, if ever there was one. It was once the centre of a flourishing leather-tanning industry, but most of its mills are now closed, having been ruined by the importation of American and Austrian leather. Yet, if Bermondsey tries to send its leather to the United States or the Continent, it is met by crushing duties of 60 and 70 per cent. The poor-rates have sometimes been as high as 11s. in the pound, nearly double that of the West End. You will find in Bermondsey a great many respectable poor, the most pathetic and in some ways the most admirable of all classes, whose struggle to keep in the path of honesty and decency is heroic. Of late years the manufacture of jam has to some extent taken the place of the tanning industry, and the celebrated Hop Exchange stands at the London Bridge end of the constituency. The Borough used to be a notorious resort of criminals, and, though modern improvements have cleared out some of these rookeries, there is still too large a proportion of the hereditary victims of crime and disease in the population to make Bermondsey the place one would choose for an evening's promenade.

Such is the arena of one of the most important political battles of modern times. The Unionist candidate, Mr. John Dumphreys, is emphatically a local champion. He is Bermondsey from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet. Until the last few years he was an actual working tanner, engaged for weekly wage in one of the leather mills of the district, with hands imbrued with the chemical process. But for thirty years he has been a public speaker, and he is now an old servant of the people. He has represented his beloved Borough on the London School Board, he has been twice Mayor of Bermondsey, and is still a Councillor. Like Cleon, of the same trade, his lungs are tough; and he is as much at home with a Bermondsey mob as the ordinary man is with his wife and children. It would be affectation to pretend that Mr. Dumphreys will add to the debating strength of the Conservative party in the House of Commons. But he is the best specimen of a Conservative working man that can be found, and if he does not win Bermondsey no one else

can. For Mr. Dumphreys is not regarded by his fellow working men with that jealousy which is sometimes excited by elevation above their class—his character has protected him from that. He is fortunate, too, in his opponents. The Socialist candidate is too much of a doctrinaire, and deficient in brutality for the rôle he has chosen. The polished jokes and elaborate epigrams of the genial journalist who has been chosen to represent the almost defunct Liberal party are likely to miss their mark in the shops and yards and schoolrooms of Bermondsey. The betting is two to one on Mr. Dumphreys.

It is as certain as anything can be that we shall win Bermondsey—so certain that we almost wish there were not two opponents in the field, as the victory will thereby be deprived of some of its moral effect. Mr. Dumphreys will talk of nothing but tariff reform; indeed, he can talk of nothing else, for he knows no other subject. He has been preaching tariff reform for thirty years, and his return to the House of Commons will be a fitting reward of his life-long adherence to his creed through good and evil report. Twenty years ago "Jack Dumphreys" was regarded as the crack-brained advocate of a hopeless fallacy. In a fortnight's time he will be the member for Bermondsey on the tariff reform ticket. For what can his Socialist and Radical opponents say in answer to his "*Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice*"? They have made a solitude of Bermondsey, and they call it Free Trade. What are these ridiculous land taxes, which cannot begin to be collected for three or four years, and which can never reach the Bermondsey ratepayer, to the man who pays to the rates an amount equal to half his rent, and who lives in daily expectation of his trade being ruined by dumping competitors? Then there is the question of closing a large number of public-houses in consequence of the new licence duties. In a poor district like Bermondsey the "pub" is very often the only place resembling a club to which the working man can resort. Unearned increment and undeveloped land duty must be empty, if not absolutely unmeaning, sounds to the ear of a dock labourer or a tanner. Except in their appeal to class-hatred, and to a vague cupidity, we cannot understand how the land taxes can be popular with the urban voters. They are, of course, told that the ground landlords are responsible for the rents which the middleman receives. But it ought not to be difficult to explain that land and houses, so long as they are subjects of ownership, must command their market value; and that laying taxes on land, which is the raw material of houses, is not likely to reduce rents. One other lie is certain to be thrust down their throats, namely, that if the Budget is rejected, old-age pensions will stop. It would be well, therefore, for Mr. Dumphreys and his friends to remember that nothing can stop old-age pensions but the repeal, by Parliament, of the Act which was passed last year. We regard this election as more critical for the party of tariff reform than any that has yet occurred.

BACK TO HOME RULE.

THE tameness of the Irish party in the present House of Commons has disappointed Nationalists in Ireland and checked the flow of subscriptions from the United States. But there can be no doubt that the Government would greatly prefer a series of scenes in the House to a single speech of the kind that Mr. Redmond delivered this week to the Liberals of Ashton-under-Lyne. It must be peculiarly annoying, when they are contending that the powers of the House of Lords can be destroyed without danger to the country, and should be swept away in the interests of the English poor, to be reminded that the Budget is by no means the only question that will be decided by the next General Election. Yet Mr. Redmond is so inconsiderate as to go on tour round Liberal as well as Labour meetings proclaiming that Home Rule is a live issue, that no Irish votes will be given to the Liberals except in return for a definite pledge of an immediate Home Rule Bill, and that the veto of the House of Lords must be destroyed because

that House, and that House alone, stands in the way of Home Rule.

It is all perfectly true, of course, but that only makes the position worse for the Government, and increases the inconvenience of Mr. Redmond's frankness. So long as the Irish Nationalists confine themselves to fiction about events in Ireland no English Liberal resents their behaviour. When it comes to telling the truth about the political position in the British Isles at large, it must be hard to forgive. The one thing that had to be concealed was the fact that the Peers alone prevent the adoption of fundamental changes in the Constitution on which the genuine opinion of the electorate has not been taken. The argument as to the position of the Lords that appeals most to the average Englishman, of all the instances that can be adduced from our recent history, is the undeniable fact that the Upper House defeated Home Rule in 1893 and that the country, as soon as it was given the chance, enthusiastically endorsed the action of that House. In 1892 the electorate that returned Mr. Gladstone to power was influenced by many factors, of which the desire to break up the United Kingdom was by no means the strongest. But when the Commons had passed the Home Rule Bill the Lords insisted that, before it could be sanctioned, the electorate must be asked to say definitely whether they wished for it. As we all remember, the Liberals were afraid to appeal to the country on that particular issue. Their fears were justified when, in 1895, the constituencies crushed the Ministers who were identified with the Home Rule cause.

Since 1895 the primary object of Liberal tacticians has been to prevent England from paying attention to Home Rule, while assuring Ireland that the Union of Hearts was none the less sincere for having lost the exuberance of its first fine careless rapture. They were, in truth, as unable to be careless as they were—and are—unwilling to be rapturous. In 1906 we were assured that Home Rule was a bogey. For the South African War had shown Englishmen what are the real sentiments towards the British Empire of the Nationalists who purr contentedly about the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament over a mere Irish legislature when they speak on English platforms. Mr. Redmond might with fair safety have unveiled many memorials to the Irish rebels of 1798, claiming proudly that he stood for exactly the same cause as the United Irishmen of that year. The public in Great Britain does not read speeches delivered in Ireland, and, if it did, would not understand that the men whom Mr. Redmond has not only eulogised but claimed as his political ancestors, were those who a century ago sowed mutiny in our Navy and brought about civil war in the British Isles at the moment of England's greatest peril. But living Englishmen know and remember how the Nationalists, only nine years ago, gloried in Boer successes and vilified those Irishmen who were fighting under the Union Jack. Mr. Arthur Lynch is a member of Mr. Redmond's party, who dare not repudiate him because they dare not set themselves against the sentiment of sedition.

Though Home Rule was smothered in pigtailed at the 1906 election, and though the Liberal majority was too huge to be dethroned by the Irish vote, the Government has not ventured to repudiate it. It is difficult to repudiate a cause which for twenty years one has been trying to invest with a quasi-religious mantle. Moreover, a great many earnest Radicals in the country have been taught by their leaders to believe in Home Rule, and the leaders cannot afford to shock the stalwarts who vote straight at every election, however conscious they may be that their prospect of victory depends on voters who are not hard-and-fast party men. Then again the Irish vote in Great Britain must not be alienated, and it has already availed to commit Mr. Churchill to a declaration which Mr. Asquith does not venture to cancel. That Mr. Churchill, of all Ministers, should have committed himself is very significant, since it is generally known that he, and not Mr. Birrell, would have been Chief Secretary for Ireland had not the Nationalists flatly refused to accept a man who had denounced them during the Boer War.

Mr. Churchill has no difficulty in swallowing principles; but it must have cost him an effort to suppress personal pique. The Liberals can hardly hope for a bare majority without Irish support in the constituencies, or for a working majority without an Irish alliance in the House.

It is true that the present Government, while giving academic approval to Home Rule (and incidentally proving themselves incapable of ruling Ireland), have not revived either of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bills. But, if once more in power, they cannot enjoy immunity from the embodiment of their theories. Hitherto they could plead that a new Home Rule Bill would be immediately rejected by the Lords, and that to introduce one would be either to court a serious rebuff or to be driven to appeal to the country on an unpopular issue. Even so, Mr. Birrell's absurd Irish Councils Bill must inevitably—as we showed at the time—have laid the foundation of a Parliament in Dublin, and was secretly accepted by the Nationalist leaders because this was understood. The Nationalist rank and file rejected it contemptuously, because the politicians had promised to secure a sweeping measure; they refused to honour their leaders' secret agreement with the Government to accept a shilling in the pound on account. Consequently there can be no more half-measures: the dogs of war will tear Mr. Dillon to pieces—in spite of his affection for them—if there is any more humbug about halfway houses.

But the more important point is that, if the Liberals win the next general election by persuading the country to crush the House of Lords, there will be nothing to prevent the Government from proceeding with any degree of disruptive legislation to which they may be forced by the Irish vote. The question before the country is not whether landowners shall be taxed and employment diminished, but whether the power of the Lords to suspend revolutionary legislation shall be destroyed. We fancy that many voters who might see no great objection to compelling the Lords to pass the present Budget will be most reluctant to put it out of their power to preserve the integrity and safety of the United Kingdom against a temporary majority in the Commons. Yet that is the plain issue before the country. Our Constitution does not admit of the mechanism by which, in many countries, constitutional changes are treated by a special procedure. In England a measure to destroy one of the elements in the State is treated in exactly the same way as a Bill to alter the status of hares and rabbits. An appeal to the country on the Budget at the present juncture means an appeal on the position of the Second Chamber. A small Liberal majority must be at the beck and call of the Nationalists. A large Liberal majority would be able to override the House of Lords not only on the Budget but on all current questions. Many Liberals would be as glad to remove Irish members from Westminster as some Nationalist members would be aghast at having to live in Dublin. The Liberal party, irrevocably pledged to Home Rule, would be for the first time able to fulfil the pledge. It would, if triumphant, force the Lords to yield on all the important questions which were in issue at the election. It cannot contradict Mr. Redmond's statement made from a Liberal platform that the gravest of these questions will be Home Rule.

A NAVAL WAR STAFF?

THE Admiralty have issued an official statement of a character we have been familiar with in recent years. Against precedent, it is unsigned, and, purporting to take the public into its confidence about a new "Navy War Council", in reality it tells us very little, while words are introduced which mean nothing that can help us to the facts, such as "further development of the policy which has actuated the Board of Admiralty". As a rule these "further developments" have been nothing of the sort, but useless re-shuffles based on no far-seeing plan and reminding one of nothing so much as Lowell's lines:

"Change just for change is like those big hotels
Where they shift plates and let you live on smells".

The War Office when they formed the General Staff and carried out similar changes were content to issue the actual orders, leaving the public free to judge and criticise, and no doubt profiting as wise men should by the discussion excited. This method is evidently repugnant to the Admiralty, and we must endeavour as best we can from the Board's own advertisement of its plans to sift the value of the changes. The first object is stated to be "to place on an established footing the arrangements made in previous years for the study of strategy and the consideration and working out of war plans". To do this the Admiralty take strategy and war plans out of the hands of the thinking branch or Naval Intelligence Department and hand them over to the Naval Mobilisation Department, which has hitherto, as its name clearly indicates, been concerned with the mechanical business of providing for the rapid manning and readiness for sea of our fleets. How this shift round of duties can be called a "further development" and placing on an established footing arrangements made in previous years passes our comprehension. There is a family resemblance to one of those redistributions of the fleets by which the Admiralty finally came back to the point from which they started—a Home Fleet with reserves, an Atlantic Fleet and a Mediterranean Fleet. Each change produced chaos for the time, invisible to the public eye, but palpable to the sailor, who knows too well the long process of rubbing shoulders before things are in ship-shape order. This time there appears to be a new invasion of the work of a colleague, the Second Sea Lord, who is responsible for the personnel, and who should therefore deal with all the methodical details of mobilising the personnel. This will now come under the First Sea Lord, just as the Third Sea Lord's responsibility for the material was invaded by the First Sea Lord being made Chairman of the Designs Committee and of the Dockyards Committee. Incidentally the First Sea Lord was also made Chairman of the Estimates Committee, with the revision every year of the whole of the Estimates; and yet with all this absorption in petty detail and the duties of Chief Naval Aide-de-Camp to his Majesty, the Cabinet Committee were surprised at the Admiralty failing to produce plans for war that carry any weight with the senior officers of the Navy. Apart from the invasion of the Second Sea Lord's work the immediate net result from the naval point of view of the redistribution of duties at the Admiralty is to get rid of officers who had given offence to the Board by giving evidence on the absence of proper war plans before Mr. Asquith's Committee. There can be no question that these highly talented officers have been got rid of, since others of equal rank are substituted for them. The least the Admiralty can do, having removed them from Whitehall, is to find them ships and remove from them the stigma of unemployment. This will in some measure alleviate the shock to the service at so flagrant a breach of the pledge of the Prime Minister that no officer giving evidence before his Committee would be in any way prejudiced in his career.

As the Naval Intelligence Department will continue to exist alongside the Naval Mobilisation Department, its duties will now be restricted to the collection of information in conjunction with our naval attachés at foreign capitals. "Under the presidency of the First Sea Lord, the officers directing the Naval Intelligence Department and the Naval Mobilisation Department, and the Assistant-Secretary of the Admiralty (a civilian), will join the Standing War Council." Then it is added that the Assistant-Secretary will also act as Secretary of the Council. The business of the Secretary is to obey orders, and it is merely farcical to put him in as a member of a committee and call it a War Council. The First Sea Lord, in addition, can call in whom he pleases, including the Rear-Admiral in command of the Naval War College. It is at the Naval War College that the galaxy of intellect belonging to the flag list and captains of the Navy is assembled, working out war problems untrammelled by details of routine duties of any sort. Formerly the War College was at Greenwich and the Rear-Admiral in command was close at hand. Now the War College is scattered

at the dockyards, a change for the worse made in 1906. It came about through the undue importance which the Board attributed to the matériel, oblivious of the fact that the one aim and object of the War College is to enlarge the minds of officers, by history and study away from the dockyards, to conceptions such as Moltke used to teach in his lecture-rooms. It results that present arrangements are such that the sentence in the Admiralty communication, to the effect that "the Rear-Admiral in command of the Naval War College will be associated with the Navy War Council and will attend and act as a member of the Council, when the business is such as requires his presence", may be regarded as a dead letter and will only be used when it is thought desirable to stifle the free flow of thought at the Naval War College, which has by no means flowed invariably in the direction which the Admiralty desired. The real truth is that the description "Navy War Council" is a misnomer. A council implies some sort of equality of membership, whereas there is none in this council of two and sometimes three rear-admirals presided over by an admiral of the fleet. It is simply the beginnings of a Naval War Staff, and there is apparently no other reason for the new title having been chosen except the apparently incurable love of the Board for mere appearances and also pique at the censure of the Cabinet Committee which used the words "Naval War Staff" in indicating what was desirable. "The Committee have been impressed", wrote Mr. Asquith and his colleagues, "with the differences of opinion amongst officers of high rank and professional attainments regarding important principles of naval strategy and tactics, and they look forward with much confidence to the further development of a Naval War Staff, from which the naval members of the Board and flag officers and their staffs at sea may be expected to derive common benefit." Here the Cabinet Committee clearly indicated the bringing of the entire Naval War College into a Naval War Staff, so that all exercising important commands afloat should pass through this War Staff and become imbued with the methods and principles of the great officer whom, like a Moltke, we should naturally choose to stamp his personality on those who will carry through the campaigns which have been thought out as far as possible in advance.

We do not for one moment dissent from the absolute supremacy of the First Sea Lord, who is responsible to the First Lord of the Admiralty for strategy and plans of war, over the Naval War Staff. To accentuate the fact of that leadership we consider that the new body ought to be given its proper title instead of being called the Navy War Council. The whole efficiency of the machine will depend on its chief, even as Moltke was able to impress his character and methods on the German Army through the workings of the General Staff. Not only should his staff be the channel of all communications from the First Sea Lord affecting war plans or the distribution of the fleets for war, but the members of it, who have by understudy to understand his methods, should themselves be constantly changing from the Staff to sea service where they will be responsible for acting on those ideas. Strictly speaking, as they pass to the sea service they would still be members of the Naval War Staff, just as in armies we have the General Staff at headquarters and the General Staff in the outlying commands. Mr. Haldane very truly observed of the General Staff which he formed for the Army that "if they proved themselves to be pedantic theorists, if they got out of touch with the Army, or if they exercised their authority by interfering in the details of administrative business for which others are responsible, the failure of the present attempt to form a General Staff is certain". Every word of this reads like an indictment of the designated President of the new Navy War Council. His pedantic theories have been disproved in every single case except the revolutionary scheme for a single class of executive officer to take the places of the three distinct classes of executive, engineer and marine officers, and in this case he can only be proved wrong when these young cadets have honeycombed the service and are responsible

for the safety of our ships. He is utterly out of touch with the Navy, for it is eight years since he commanded at sea, and Mr. Haldane's salutary and inflexible rule is that an officer is to go back to regimental duty if he has been four years at the War Office. As for the interference with the administrative business for which others are responsible, it has been on an unexampled scale. Hence, unless these methods are completely altered by the passing of Sir John Fisher, we can never hope to realise for the Navy what we have the right to do from a real Naval War Staff, the ideal Mr. Haldane had before him for the General Staff, that "if, on the other hand, they show themselves capable of mastering the science of war, of fully understanding war organisation in all its branches, and of imparting their own knowledge to the Army at large, the influence of the General Staff in this country will become as far-reaching as in Germany or Japan". It may be taken as certain, with the Kaiser as the supreme War Lord, that the methods of the General Staff have been applied to the German Navy, and that we have to face a rivalry more stern and more worthy of our steel than was ever in the past, for there is a brain animating the whole body of this new German Navy, and it would be a vain search to endeavour to find any indication of a guiding brain in the past in the navy of France or Russia.

SPANISH POLICY AND FOREIGN VIEWS.

IT is sincerely to be hoped that there will be no attempt to make scenes in this country over the anarchist. If such attempts are made, it is no less to be hoped that there is enough common-sense in the country to resist them. The lesson of the "Affaire" should not yet have been entirely lost. If any warning were required, it might easily be found in the nature of the outbreaks in Italy and France. They are purely partisan demonstrations masquerading under the convenient disguise of a general zeal for liberty.

No doubt it is unfortunate that events during the last ten days have not been propitious for the good relations of Spain and France. It is no less unfortunate that both the patriots and the anti-militarist politicians have been stirred up in Paris. This will make the situation doubly difficult for the French Government when the Chamber reassembles. M. Pichon has shown so much discretion that he may safely be trusted to steer a safe course, but injudicious interpellations both on the subject of Morocco and Señor Ferrer are almost certain to be presented.

Nothing can be more entertaining to the detached observer than the exaggerated nervousness of French opinion with regard to Spanish action in Morocco. Even the best-informed Frenchmen, including M. Hanotaux, do not know the terms of the agreements between the two countries regarding Morocco, and, as the French Government expresses itself as perfectly satisfied with Spanish assurances, and sees nothing to object to in the Spanish operations, it might reasonably be supposed that public opinion would be satisfied also. But General d'Amade's tirade is clearly not the mere indiscretion of an individual. It is true he may feel that had he been better supported by his Government, he might have done more. But French opinion in general is irritable because it feels that French policy in Morocco has been throughout a failure, after much preliminary flourishing. The French must be fully conscious that though the Spaniards have had a harder task at Melilla than they had at Casablanca, yet the Spanish operations have been better conducted and more successful.

But France cannot afford at the present juncture to quarrel with Spain. Indeed, she has no ground save jealousy. Spain has no intention of undertaking a great campaign or conquering vast tracts of territory. Had she any such designs she has neither the money nor the forces to prosecute them. Her rights in Morocco are defined and secured by treaties with France and with other Powers, and we have the word of the French Foreign Minister to the effect that she has not transgressed them.

It need hardly be pointed out that the relations between the French and Spanish Governments are absolutely correct and that no countenance is given on either side to Chauvinist sentiments. It is however unfortunate for both that the trial and execution of Señor Ferrer should have occurred at this particular moment. It may help to inflame irritation already existing, and has brought into the field elements which would certainly not have objected to the eclipse of French influence in Morocco. The position of the French Government will be made more embarrassing from the fact that the many sections of the anti-clerical party will all be equally furious at Señor Ferrer's execution. These people are not by any means all anti-militarist, and some will therefore be inflamed against Spain on more grounds than one. But one ground is no better than another. It is alleged indeed that French sense of justice is revolted by the nature of the trial under which Ferrer was condemned. But ordinary English opinion would be and has been scandalised by the manner in which French trials, both military and civil, have been conducted. The procedure is entirely different from ours, but it may suit the French, and it is not any business of ours so long as the French people like to maintain it. In the same way Spanish methods of conducting trials may not tally altogether with the French. It is quite comprehensible that French anti-clericals, anarchists, Republicans, and anti-militarists should join hands to protest all in their own fashion against the summary trial and execution of a Spanish anti-clerical Republican. The same thing may be said of Italian anti-clerical sentiment, but there can be no excuse for any movement of the kind among moderate men in our own country. Spanish opinion will be well able to gauge the nature of the politicians with whom the French Government has to deal, but it would rightly resent any ill-informed agitation in Great Britain. So far as French protests are concerned, there is not the slightest reason for believing that Señor Ferrer would have had a fairer trial or more lenient treatment in France. In a state of siege accused persons are tried and dealt with by military methods. If Señor Ferrer was guilty, it cannot be contended that his sentence was otherwise than deserved. If he was guilty, he has been stirring up the people of Barcelona to change their government by violent means which actually resulted in death and disorder. People who embark on propaganda of this nature are well aware that they take their life in their hands; if they fail they must expect to pay the penalty. It is argued that the crime was political, and that therefore rigorous imprisonment for a time would have been enough punishment. But a Government's first duty is to protect itself, and the height of folly would be to let loose a dangerous propagandist who had already shown the capacity he possessed for mischief. They would have received no gratitude from Republicans in Spain, nor would the anarchist danger have been in the least diminished. They would have been laughed at for weakness, and would have lost all the credit they have already gained with conservative and moderate opinion in their own country and abroad for the resolute attitude they have adopted towards the revolution. In fact, if the Ministry intended to protect public order effectually there was no course but the one adopted.

It is alleged, of course, that the trial was unfair, but that is not a matter on which outsiders, certainly not foreigners, have any means of judging. There is no reason at all for supposing that the evidence against Ferrer was otherwise than convincing. He was clearly very well defended, and the case was carefully reviewed by the military governor, and finally by the Cabinet, who must have weighed in the balance all the possibilities of prejudice being created in foreign and friendly countries if the sentence were enforced. Yet all these authorities concurred without hesitation in the infliction of the death penalty. It must not be forgotten how easy it would have been for either the King or his counsellors to earn a spurious popularity by remitting it. They are responsible for law and order in Spain, and they determined to carry out the sentence. There is no reason to suppose that the country as a whole will be less satisfied with their action now than with the prompt suppression of disorder in Barcelona.

This view is borne out by the manner in which the Spanish press comments upon the event. The only charge made by Moderate Republican journals is that the Government have been stupid in allowing the charges of criminal agitation against Ferrer to be mixed up with questions of secular education and liberty of instruction. Of Ferrer himself they speak as a "criminal and an agitator". If this is the only accusation that can be brought with any truth against the authorities, then they stand absolutely justified in taking stringent measures against a most dangerous enemy. It must not be forgotten that among the people employed by Señor Ferrer in the school he conducted at Barcelona was Morral, the infamous ruffian who attempted to assassinate the King and Queen of Spain on their coronation day.

In any case, we sincerely hope that opinion in Great Britain will be allowed to restrain itself, and in any event will receive no encouragement to indulge in ignorant outbursts. The facts are very imperfectly known here, and Spanish opinion (even Liberal opinion) finds no fault with the conclusion at which the Government felt obliged to arrive. Therefore foreign remonstrance would be unfair and ridiculous.

THE CITY.

THE directors of the Bank of England have followed up their action of a week ago by further advancing the rate of discount to 4 per cent. No one is surprised, and Lombard Street and the Stock Exchange are actually relieved by the movement. The circumstances called for action, and when action is necessary the City likes it to be prompt. There were some who advocated a rise of only $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but the majority recognised that half-measures would mean more suspense, whereas now the view is that the directors have removed any possibility of a further advance this year. The position as regards American finance has not improved, and it has become imperative to take drastic steps to check the discounting in this market of American finance bills. This consideration has probably weighed more with the Bank authorities than the actual state of the Reserve, though, of course, it is hoped at the same time to get some gold to fill up the gap caused by the withdrawals of sovereigns for Egypt and South America. Germany, however, is as keen as we are to attract gold, and was before us in advancing its discount rate, which is now 5 per cent.

Stock markets, which previously had been very depressed, have shown an improving tendency since the change in the Bank rate. With great assurance New York sent buying orders for its securities, and Paris also. The feature of the week has been the fall in Consols to 82 $\frac{1}{2}$. It resulted from no pressure to sell, and when a few buyers, attracted by the low figure, came forward there was a sharp recovery to 82 $\frac{3}{4}$. At anything under 83 Consols yield a full 3 per cent., and this is a return that tempts many of the insurance companies with funds awaiting investment; they have certainly been buying this week. Home railways remain a disappointing market, but this is largely because the traffic returns are misread. We have the Great Western reporting a decrease of £8000 for last week. On analysis we find that the whole of this is due to passenger receipts, goods actually showing an increase of £1000. Similarly with other lines, though perhaps not to the same extent. But the point to emphasise is that whatever improvement there is in trade is reflected in railway earnings, and that the loss in passenger receipts is due to special causes which will not operate after the end of the month.

The resignation of Sir Charles Rivers Wilson from the Grand Trunk Railway marks a new era in the history of the company, because it means that more power will be given to Mr. Hayes, and that American methods are penetrating the office. It is asserted that the control will still remain in London, and that the appointment of Mr. Hayes as president is merely a change in the name of his office; but it will give Mr. Hayes a much greater prestige in America, and as he is known to favour the transfer of control to Montreal any efforts he may make in this direction will probably receive a good deal of

support. The objection to the passing of control—and it is a reasonable one—is that the line was built with English money, and that the majority of the shareholders are English. On the other hand, it must be acknowledged that the history of the company is not a recommendation for the maintenance of the present system, though it would be difficult to say that any better results would have accrued under a Canadian régime. There is nothing interesting in the directors' report beyond the announcement of this change. Of more importance is the report of the Mexican Railway Company, which shows that the anticipations of the chairman of a large saving in working expenses have been fully realised. From 61.37 per cent. the ratio to gross receipts has been brought down to 51.30 per cent. The saving is largely due to the substitution of oil for the patent fuel previously used by the company. As a result a decrease of \$220,000 in gross earnings has been converted into an increase of \$215,000 in net receipts.

Unconfirmed rumours of trouble at the settlement caused Kaffirs to be very depressed in the early part of the week, but, like others, the market has "bucked up", and once more the hope is entertained that we are on the eve of "big things". It is quite apparent, however, that there is a large "bull" position open, and that while everybody is waiting to sell on a rise any pronounced upward movement is out of the question.

MASTERPIECES AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

THE opening of the exhibition of Old Masters at the Grafton Galleries last week was indeed a memorable occasion. At last we are beginning as a nation to wake up to the fact that something must be done; that there are a certain number of pictures of the very highest order in the private collections of England which are in danger of being captured by foreign buyers, and which ought not to leave the country if any means can be found of retaining them for the nation. At last we have evidence that the necessity of taking action is recognised by the State. Individual effort and generosity may be counted on for much; but the co-operation of Government is indispensable; for it is not only large funds that are needed, but the whole system and machinery of public purchase want to be reorganised. The situation was discussed in this REVIEW last week, and I am not proposing at the moment to discuss it further. The exhibition of these treasures from private collections will no doubt stimulate yet further prodigious offers from millionaires in America and elsewhere; and there are some who think that on this account the policy of the committee responsible for the exhibition was mistaken. But, after all, we cannot rouse the public to an active sense of the dangers of the situation by a policy of silence and suppression; owners cannot be compelled to hide their treasures away; and the same argument would hold good against the winter exhibitions at Burlington House and against any exhibition of Old Masters—except bad ones—whatsoever. All London is flocking to the Grafton Galleries, and as the pictures will be there till the end of the year, let us hope that not only will the National Gallery profit handsomely by the receipts, which are to go to it, but—what is more important—that the nation will be stimulated to a frame of mind which will make effective action possible.

And what of the exhibition itself? Perhaps some of the early winter exhibitions at Burlington House may have surpassed it in interest and importance, but certainly for many years London has seen nothing comparable to it. Though it is not very large, the choiceness and splendour of the show tell all the more. Indeed, it is so choice that one can hardly understand the admission of the few inferior paintings included. But we can have little to complain of where masters like Raphael, Correggio, Titian, Tintoret, Van Eyck, Rubens, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Hals, Van Dyck, Reynolds, Gainsborough and Watteau are represented, and most of them nobly represented. Yet some of the most delightful pictures on the walls are by men of lesser rank. And the roomful of drawings, chiefly from Mr.

Heseltine's magnificent collection, is a feast in itself. Certain predilections seem to have limited the committee's choice. There are but few Primitives. There is a complete absence of landscape. Dutch genre is unrepresented save by the brilliant little Vermeer belonging to Mrs. Joseph. Portraiture, on the other hand, is predominant. The arrangement by schools which prevails at the National Gallery, though undoubtedly the best arrangement, forbids us one pleasure, that of seeing the supreme painters of the different schools side by side; and here the eye can pass from portraits by Titian, Rubens, and Van Dyck to portraits by Rembrandt and by Reynolds. Some of these pictures are famous and familiar. But a few have never been shown before; and among these is pre-eminent the superb portrait from Temple Newsam (No. 84), formerly called Titian but re-catalogued, on the authority of Mr. Herbert Cook, as Giorgione. This alone would make the exhibition memorable. It is surely one of the finest portraits in the world. We are arrested at once as by a living presence. It is the portrait of a young man, who might well be an Englishman of to-day, so far as appearance goes, his pale features thrown into relief against the darkened background, gazing out with calm intensity of resolution. One cannot fail to be interested in the man, to wonder who he was and what he achieved in life. The air of quiet power and nervous force in the sitter harmonises well with the supreme distinction of the actual painting, which is masterly without being facile. There is in this portrait a certain material strength and objectiveness which, together with the painting of the features, the white linen at the throat, the red sleeve and gloved hand, seem to proclaim, not Giorgione, but Titian as its author. Giorgione was famous in his day for half-length portraits. Vasari says that he had seen numbers of these, "bellissimi"; and if already the name had begun to attract to itself the work of other hands, that only proves Giorgione's great prestige in portraiture. This fact makes it doubtless tempting to try to make Giorgione accountable for a good deal more than it was recently the fashion to allow him. Nevertheless, I fail to appreciate the reason for ascribing this particular portrait to his hand; still less the vastly inferior portrait of Giovanni Onigo (No. 60) in the adjoining room. Another "Giorgione", the little "Holy Family" (No. 81), is surely by Catena; the types of face, the homely charm of sentiment, the light gay blues and reds—everything—point to the painter of the adorable "Sta. Cristina" at Venice. Lastly, there is the much-discussed "Woman Taken in Adultery" from Glasgow. The gorgeous colour of this picture may blind us at first to an inherent weakness of conception and to the violent means taken to give a show of drama to the design, with insufficient motive. I suppose each of us conceives a Giorgione of his own, according as we imagine him to have developed. To some perhaps the weaknesses of this picture will be no ground for doubting his authorship of it: but to me at least it is very difficult to believe that the painter of the Castelfranco and Madrid pictures could have developed into the painter of the Glasgow picture, in spite of the landscape and other passages of great beauty in this canvas.

Giorgione, however few pictures he might have painted, would still be eminently a productive genius, in Goethe's sense of the word. Few painters have been so potent and fruitful an inspiration to other men. Near by hangs a picture which shows it: the wonderful "Circe" of Dosso Dossi (No. 87), one of the most delightful works in the collection, and one which certainly would enhance the glories of the National Gallery were it ever to come there. A modern painter would doubtless scorn Dosso's animals, especially the absurd though happily modest and unobtrusive lions, and would make them infinitely more true to life; but perhaps on this very account he would almost certainly lose the atmosphere of enchantment which steepens this painting. The trees which lift their diaphanous foliage against the low flush of the sky are Circe's trees, if not the trees of Nature, and, like the blue depths of wood beyond them, belong to the world of mystery in which she reigns. This poetic seizure of an imaginative atmosphere is seen at a yet greater pitch of mastery in a painting which

hangs opposite, the "Christ Taking Leave of His Mother before the Passion", by Correggio, now thought to have caught in his youth from Dosso some stimulus of magic and romance. But how supremely original does the young Correggio show himself in his conception of the scene, with its passion of tenderness and pathos, to which the marvellous beauty of the sad light in the sky and of the glooming landscape contribute so much! With all the exultation of his mature powers Correggio never again entrances us with the peculiar deep and solemnly lyrical mood of this and one or two other early masterpieces.

To return to the Venetians; there hangs as pendant to the Temple Newsam picture another portrait of a young man, in this case ascribed to Titian (No. 86). By no means so fine in essential qualities as the other portrait, this is painted with a splendid if rather more obvious mastery. Indeed the emphasis of texture in the fur and dress makes the head, with its somewhat sentimental pose, look comparatively weak, though in itself beautifully painted. One feels a certain want of the powerful harmony we expect from Titian, though I could not suggest any other name than his. A noble piece of the master's senatorial portraiture is the Giacomo Doria (No. 59) in the large room, where it hangs with Van Dyck and with Reynolds. Another fine example of portraiture by a Venetian is the group of Cardinal Ferry Carondelet and his Secretary (No. 65), by Sebastian del Piombo, a picture painted at Rome under the influence of Raphael, under whose name it is catalogued, though Sebastian's authorship is palpable and generally, I believe, accepted. Two authentic Madonnas by Raphael, from the Panshanger collection, add another high distinction to the exhibition. Raphael, like Michelangelo, has been so much judged by his imitators that it is always good to study him in his genuine work, where even those out of sympathy with its atmosphere must recognise the unassailable qualities of his art, the sheer genius in it, the spontaneous masculine rhythm, the natural greatness of style; and "that element of sculpture which exists in all good painting", so strong in him, is excellently bracing and refreshing after the unsubstantial stuff we are too prone to accept in modern art because of the emotional appeal which disguises it. With Raphael, perhaps more than with any other master, we feel that art has arrived at a moment of perfect ripeness; the next step will be decay, but the very consciousness of what must follow gives unique value to that peculiar balanced perfection.

Florentine art is meagrely represented in comparison with that of Venice; but Filippo Lippi's tondo, delicate, luminous and lively in colour, is an admirable masterpiece of its time; and in the portrait of Sassetti and a Boy, damaged though it is, Ghirlandaio shows the fine humanity that was in him, which broke at times through the professional stateliness of an art unperturbed by gusts of inspiration.

The rest of the exhibition claims another article.

"DON."

By MAX BEERBOHM.

MR. BESIER'S new play, produced by Mr. Trench at the Haymarket, has distinct quality. It is quite apart from the ruck of clever comedies that might have been written by any clever man with a knack for play-writing. It conforms with no current pattern of manner or method. Here and there, in the discussions between the characters, are traces of Mr. Shaw's influence. But it would be impossible for a young dramatist to escape this influence altogether. The important thing is that Mr. Besier is evidently a man who can see and think for himself, and that he can construct as setting for the result of that activity a form of his own. The construction of "Don" is as daring as it is original. The play begins almost in the key of farce; and only when it has progressed some way do we realise that the effect of farce comes not from the treatment, but from the nature of the theme; and only in the middle of the last act are we aware that the play has drifted out of comedy into

strong drama, narrowly evading tragedy, and coming to a happy ending which, though one could hardly have foreseen it, is justified by the nature of the situation. It is always, in play-writing, dangerous to have more than one manner—dangerous to demand of the audience more than one mood. To change your manner without incoherence, and to make your audience change its mood without confusion, is a very delicate job. Mr. Besier is to be congratulated on having done it.

Conceive a young man bringing to the house of his parents, and into the presence of the girl to whom he is engaged to be married, a woman whom he has taken away from her husband, and with whom he has spent the night; and conceive him offering at first no explanation, and being merely impatient at their unreadiness to receive the woman with open arms. Assuredly this is a situation of farce? But, if we attach due weight to the character of the young man as depicted for us, his behaviour presently resolves itself into comedy. His parents, Canon and Mrs. Bonington, are quite ordinary people, uninspired, practical, discreet. But he, Stephen, is a thinker and a poet, whose writings have already got for him a European reputation, and—though, as Mrs. Bonington tells us, "he takes a great interest in strikes, and reads 'The Daily News' every day"—he has not had time to learn the knack of behaving like other people, or even to notice how they behave. He is a dreamer, and accustomed to put his dreams into practice as well as into words. He is always going gloriously off at tangents, sped by a sublime logic of his own, and going, in the opinion of his friends, rather too far. It was all very well for him to befriend a waitress in distress, named Fanny; but when she, seeing that he did not reciprocate, and was indeed quite unconscious of, the passion he had inspired in her, became the wife of a Plymouth Brother of the lower orders, there the matter should have ended, with a good riddance. Having become engaged to General Sinclair's charming daughter Ann, and being wildly in love with her, Stephen ought to have taken no notice of the letter in which Fanny told him that her husband was a brute and a bully. He might have known that his conduct would be misconstrued; yet off he went to Fanny's home, and, finding her in a state of collapse, insisted on taking her away with him, and spent the night with her in an hotel, nursing her, and in the morning took her forth on the way to his father's house, with the best intentions, and quite as a matter of course. Meanwhile the Canon and Mrs. Bonington, and General, Mrs. and Miss Sinclair, had been apprised of the elopement by a letter from the infuriated Plymouth Brother, Albert Thompson. In the middle of the first act, Stephen breathlessly appears in their midst, with Fanny drooping on his arm, and with no idea that there will be any doubt as to the propriety of his action. Where should he bring the poor girl, if not to the house of his mother? General Sinclair, as a plain soldier, is indignant. The Canon, as a plain clergyman, is appalled. His wife is also appalled, but fluttering and eager to forgive. Mrs. Sinclair's fury is tempered only by her sense of the ludicrous. It never occurs to anyone, except to Miss Ann Sinclair, that Stephen may but have been acting according to his own rather too dazzling lights. She alone suspends judgment. The others fume in their several manners; and when Stephen, having insisted that Fanny shall be accommodated with a bed and a meal of eggs beaten up in beef-tea, has leisure to explain to them just what he has done, and why he has done it, still they are incredulous: his unworldliness is too much for them, and he appears in their eyes a heartless and tasteless libertine. To Ann, whom alone he convinces, he confides his intention of appearing as co-respondent, so as to free poor Fanny. "Then", says Ann, "you will have to marry her". He says he would assuredly not commit the crime of marrying a woman whom he does not love; and he cannot for the life of him see why Ann, knowing him to be innocent, should care whether he is co-respondent or not. The war between idealism and convention, between what matters to Stephen and what matters to everyone else, is waged briskly. The great thing is

to prevent a meeting between Stephen and Thompson. This Thompson—a man of great physical strength, and of great ferocity and determination—is travelling from his robbed home to the Boningtons' house, having received from Stephen news of his wife's presence there. Throughout the second act the audience is held in suspense for his arrival. And it is when we at last see him that the play slips into drama. Thompson is an admirably drawn figure—the brutish, slow-witted man who has "got religion", and who "got" Fanny with the same dull fanaticism. The Canon, frightfully embarrassed by fibbing, tries to assure him that Mrs. Thompson had come straight from her home to the rectory; but he is interrupted by the entry of Stephen, who promptly tells the truth, adding to it a lie as to his relations with Fanny. There is a long, tense, very effective scene between the two men; and finally the knot is cut by Fanny's confession, through which Thompson "gets" the belief that Stephen has done no wrong, and promises to be a kinder husband henceforth. Usually, these conversions are a mere device to secure a happy ending. Thompson's conversion, however, is quite in character, and brings a very clever play to a worthy conclusion.

Mr. McKinnel plays Thompson magnificently. In parts which demand an effect of uncouth strength and emotion, held stolidly in reserve, Mr. McKinnel has no rival; and Thompson is his reward for having had to play King Lear. Mr. Quartermaine, as Stephen, is rather too neat and acute in manner, too dapper, to suggest the poetry of Stephen's innocent and tumultuous soul. Miss O'Malley, as Ann, shows great sensibility and prettiness of method. And the other parts are well and amusingly played.

"Don" is preceded by "Gentlemen of the Road", a little play by Mr. Charles McEvoy—a very early little play by Mr. Charles McEvoy, I suspect.

SAN PELLEGRINO AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

BY RICHARD DAVEY.

IT has been said, though it may seem paradoxical, that the comparatively few English men and women who visited Italy in the eighteenth century saw far more of the country than do the majority of their degenerate descendants in our day, who rush by train from capital to capital and thereby miss many interesting places in a land whose most insignificant village can boast of the possession of at least one fine work of art. The leisurely way of travelling a hundred years ago, either by very slow lumbering coach or by horse or mule, enabled our ancestors to saunter at their leisure through out-of-the-way cities full of historical or artistic interest. Montaigne, le Brosse and Young, who have described so many quaint but now obsolete scenes of Italian life common in every town and village in their day, could not, however, have told us much about the Valley of the Brembana, for until thirty years ago this region, one of the loveliest in Europe, was virtually unknown to the majority of Italians, let alone to English people. No post roads existed then, and even to reach San Pellegrino from Bergamo one had to go a weary journey on mule-back by tortuous and dangerous roads, occasionally infested by brigands as late as the first half of the nineteenth century. Now a commodious electric railway takes you in less than an hour from Bergamo to San Pellegrino, and from San Pellegrino on to San Giovanni Bianco, whence conveyances can be obtained to drive into the heart of a region even more beautiful than the renowned Dolomites, for here the loftiest mountains are entirely covered with verdure and there is an interesting and lovely flora.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was possibly the first Englishwoman of any note who ever visited Bergamo, unless indeed we claim Miss Angelica Kauffmann as a countrywoman because "she spoke English so very well and was so influential with Sir Joshua Reynolds", whose style she certainly copied in the very effective "Holy Family", painted here for the Colleoni family, which

still hangs in the sumptuous tomb-house of their ancestor the great Condottiere Bartolomeo. "Miss Angel" lived some years at Bergamo after her unfortunate adventure with the pseudo-Ambassador of Sweden in London, and her house and studio are still in existence. As to Lady Mary, she found Bergamo "much to her liking" and the neighbouring scenery very beautiful, though even she never visited the Brembana Valley that opens at the city's gates, but has only recently been brought into prominence by the increasing popularity of San Pellegrino, the "Contrexéville of Italy". In the time of Lady Mary and "Miss Angel" there were no roads between Bergamo and San Pellegrino and no accommodation for such strangers as came to drink of the waters (known even to the Romans for their efficacy in cases of gout and uric trouble), except a wretched old wayside inn. The Grand Hôtel, the most sumptuous in Italy, would surely have surprised and even overwhelmed "Miss Angel" and her lively patroness, Lady Wentworth, who would, however, have felt quite at home in the Casino, where they could have had a flutter at a game of chance, in much the same way that they were accustomed to do in that famous Ridotto at Venice which I discovered recently behind San Moisè, still in possession of its exquisite eighteenth-century decorations, but fallen from its high estate of one hundred and fifty years ago as the Monte Carlo of its time to become a cheap cinematograph exhibition!

The famous waters of San Pellegrino that four hundred years since cured Pope Pius IV. (de' Medici), when Cardinal, of his gouty ailments, flow no longer, as they did in his time, from a common pump in the middle of the street, but rush out of a pretty fountain in the grounds of the modern Kursaal. He was a native of the place, and the old house near the parish church, with a fifteenth-century fresco over its arched doorway, is said to have formed part of the Medici palace in which this famous Pope first saw light. In his Holiness' day the only sound that might have disturbed his ears of a night was that of the Brembo, which still dashes impetuously through the richly wooded valley, through Ambria with its "Orrido"—thus the Italians appropriately call a darksome gorge—through picturesque Zogno with its magnificent church, through Sedrina with its three ancient bridges, through old towns and villages and varied and verdant scenery to Bergamo itself, a city so beautiful and fortunately still so flourishing as to deserve something more than a flying visit.

There are two distinct towns at Bergamo, an upper and a lower. In the lower you will find a picture gallery worthy of any capital and a "modern hotel" and some well-managed "institutions", not the least of which is the Istituto Italiano d'Arti Grafiche, one of the most important art printing establishments in Europe, employing fifteen hundred men and women.

The picture gallery at Bergamo owes its origin to the generosity of three citizens who collected pictures at a time when it was safer and easier to do so than now. Count Giacomo Carrara, for instance, made his collection in the eighteenth century, when the Bond Street dealer and the American millionaire were unknown, and pictures which are now worth their many thousands could be bought for a few hundred lire. He was a man of great taste and judgment, and was happy in being able to pick up in some instances, and to inherit in others, some of Moroni's finest works, in which this gallery is singularly rich. To Carrara's magnificent collection have been added those of Counts Morelli and Lochis, formed at a somewhat later date, when Napoleon dispersed the monastic treasures of the country. The three collections have hitherto been kept apart, which, as they are under one roof, has resulted in considerable confusion of dates and "schools"; but it is now proposed to set aside certain unwise testamentary conditions and rearrange the gallery, both as regards its various "schools" and its lighting. When this is done the visitor will be better able to appreciate a collection of no less than twenty portraits by Moroni, of which the full-length portraits of Bernardo Spini and his wife, Pace, are perhaps the finest works of this master, whose "Tailor" and "Venetian Nobleman" in our National Gallery are universally admired, though he is otherwise

little known in England. Lorenzo Lotto, also a native of Bergamo, is better represented here than anywhere else in Italy; and there are at least half a dozen admirable specimens of Moretto, another Bergamasco painter. Fra Ghislandi, an eighteenth-century master of the highest merit, described by some critics as the Velasquez of Italy, has several portraits of supreme beauty in this gallery, among them a lovely picture of "A Young Artist" which suggests, not indeed Velasquez, but Reynolds at his best. Ghislandi seems to have been particularly happy in the delineation of youth, but as he was a monk he never painted women. It would be a pleasant task to describe even a few of the more celebrated pictures in the gallery—the fine Velasquez, for instance, the three undoubted Botticelli, the "San Sebastian" of Raphael, an early and rather weak work, and the excellent examples of Carpaccio, Paris Bordone, Santa Croce, Titian, Palma Vecchio, Lorenzo Lotto, Gentile and Giovanni Bellini, Beltraccio, Paul Veronese, Carlo Crivelli, Guardi, Luini, Gaudenzio Ferrari, etc.; but my present object is to generalise, and thereby attract the attention of tourists to a little-known part of that lovely country, and not to describe exhaustively either its manifold beauties or its artistic treasures.

The gallery does not exhaust the sights of Bergamo, and the upper town, reached by a funicular, is even more attractive than the lower. Here, as on a sort of acropolis, stand the two great cathedrals, Santa Maria Maggiore and Sant' Alessandro; the mausoleum of the Colleoni, with Amadeo's superb monument to the famous Condottiere and his far more exquisite tomb of that hero's young daughter Medea, one of the simplest and most elegant works of the best period of the Renaissance. Near the cathedrals stand the Town Hall and the ancient Piazza, through the arches of which you catch glimpses of the far-away hills rising above a long stretch of gardens and vineyards. Turning up a narrow street—unchanged since the Middle Ages—and just beyond a palace with an exquisite wrought-iron balcony, you reach the house where Colleoni died. After many vicissitudes, after being an inn for nearly two hundred years, the fine old mansion has fallen in its old age upon gentler times and, well restored and cared for, it is now an excellent example of a domestic dwelling of the "quattrocento". It contains one beautiful room, full of curious fifteenth-century frescoes, having at the upper end an equestrian portrait of the Condottiere which evidently suggested the famous statue at Venice. There is also an excellent portrait of Colleoni by Moroni, taken from an earlier and probably contemporary picture.

You might wander for days and yet not exhaust all the picturesque charm of this ancient city, which may be made the starting-point for many excursions not mentioned by Baedeker and Murray; but San Pellegrino offers greater advantages for this purpose, since there you are half way to a hundred places of unexplored interest—sheltered valleys as fresh and green as those of Ireland, and little lakes that mirror on their placid waters villages, convents and ruined castles, and even the peaks of snow-covered Alps. People who, like Hamlet, are "scant of breath" will be perhaps relieved to learn that San Pellegrino boasts of a funicular to carry you in about twenty minutes to the top of one of the highest mountains in the neighbourhood, whence a number of easy mule-paths enable one to take countless walks into the valleys beyond, even as far as Clusone, a fair sized town, where there is a remarkable "Dance of Death" in the parish church.

There still remain in some of the village churches hereabouts many fine pictures—at Bordogna a superb Paul Veronese; at Serina a wonderful Palma Vecchio—this celebrated artist was a native of the village. One day recently I went on an excursion to Villa d'Almé to visit the Sanctuary of Almenno, which is not mentioned in any guide-book that I have ever seen. Part of the church dates from the fourth century, and was formerly attached to the castle in which Arduin, the last of the Lombard kings, died. The more modern church of the fourteenth century contains a very remarkable tempietto, or altar in the shape of a small temple, designed by Bramante and painted with excellent and well-preserved frescoes by Palma Vecchio, which were

only recently released, at the expense of the present rector, from a coating of whitewash that had covered them up since the plague of 1550. He also discovered in the crypt below a most remarkable fresco of the "Pietà" by Mantegna.

As I write, the moon is shining brightly, the Brembo rushes along cheerily, the band at the Casino opposite my window is playing the "Merry Widow Waltz" for the benefit of the throng of fashionable balneanti, whilst the pious are pouring out of the brightly lighted parish church into the crowded street, in which the youths who have run a Marathon race this afternoon from Bergamo, some twenty-five miles away, to the Hippodrome in the hotel grounds are being fêted by their enthusiastic admirers at a score or so of little tables arranged under the lime trees. It is a very gay and peaceful scene, full of delightful contrasts, in which civilisations old and new seem to blend. The peasants, a fine-looking race of men and women, are but little changed in mind, manners and customs from what they were five hundred years ago—a very straightforward, pious, gracious folk, who mingle, with that unconscious stateliness peculiar to Italians, with the throng of great ladies and gentlemen who bear names as old as European history itself and wear the slightly exaggerated garments that Milan and Turin produce after French models—the ladies in tight-fitting Directoire gowns and enormous hats like cartwheels, whereas the men pay us the compliment of trying to dress like Englishmen, only more so!

May the Lord preserve Italy from going too far on the downward path of Progress (spelt with a big P)! Will the nations ever learn how to move on their own lines without borrowing all that is worst in the civilisation of their neighbours? Your Italian who remains an Italian is as delightful as his surroundings, but once he tries to be a Frenchman or a German, an American or even an Englishman, he becomes a thing of horror and the reverse of a joy for ever. D'Annunzio, Italy's most prominent modern writer, frankly admits that he would prefer an invasion of German soldiers to the present invasion of German art and "architecture"—consisting of ponderous masonry, hideous carvings and wrought-iron decorations—which, together with French decadentism, is becoming only too general in modernised Italy. Abbasso l'arte moderna e viva l'Italia!

HENRY PURCELL.

By FILSON YOUNG.

THE spread of what we call civilisation, and the decay of national feeling, produce some unfortunate results; among others the neglect of the work of great men in the past whose genius does not happen to be in tune with the cosmopolitan spirit of our own time. One often, for the sake of convenience, has to speak of the Modern English school of music. But there is really no such school. There is a modern school of music and there are English composers who belong to it; but they do not make an English school. The last great English musician who was essentially English in the sense that his work was stamped with the quality and characteristics of the England of his day, and who could only be produced by that England, was Henry Purcell. His work is extremely neglected in these days; partly because he was a great man and yet one who worked in a narrow compass, partly because we are very busy in England at present taking our part in the development of modern music as a whole, and do not care to go back for inspiration to what is both great and English in our own traditions; the modern taste prefers a small man working in a wide field to a great man working in a narrow one.

We are not so rich in great musicians in our English past that we can at all afford to neglect the greatest of them. There is need, therefore, that people should be continually reminded of the greatness of Henry Purcell; of the extreme beauty and pleasantness of his music, and of the desirability that it should be more often heard and more widely known. No writer has done more to call attention to these facts than Mr. John F.

Runciman, both in this REVIEW and in other places; and he has crowned his work in this direction by the monograph* which he has just published in Bell's Miniature Series of Musicians. The little book is modest in price and form; there is no attempt to make it a formal biography, because no one knows anything about Purcell's life; but within its small compass it contains the result of a profound knowledge, a devoted study, a wide scholarship, and probably years of intimate research among the works of Purcell. It is so seldom that a little book comes out which is really all that it should be that one is under special obligation to record and advertise the appearance of such a book; to inform people who are interested in the subject that they will find here accurate and scholarly information and illuminating criticism presented in a perfectly finished literary form; and to urge upon them, in this particular case, the importance of reading the book, reviving their interest in its subject, and doing what they can to further the author's intention of restoring Purcell's music to its proper place in the hearts of his countrymen.

Mr. Runciman is perfectly certain of his ground in assigning to Purcell the pre-eminent place which he holds among English composers, and he takes a very firm stand upon that ground. It is possible that he under-estimates the work of some of Purcell's predecessors and followers; what is vital is, that he does not and cannot over-estimate the importance of Purcell's own work. He shows, more clearly than one ever remembers having seen such an explanation made before, the technical reasons why Purcell's music was at once quite different from, and much greater than, that of his predecessors. It is almost impossible to explain musical technicalities to the lay mind; one is in danger of writing like a mere contrapuntist; for although the structure of music is very intimately concerned with such matters as thirds and sixths, diminished sevenths and augmented elevenths, subjects by augmentation and inversion, fugal treatment *per recte et retro*, they have indeed nothing to do with making it great music or little music. Purcell was a fine contrapuntist, but he was not finer than dozens of men who went before and came after him. What he did was to perceive, almost among the first who perceived it, that the technical and mathematical science of music was a means and not an end in itself; that the real expression of music was the expression of a poetic feeling and the extension of human experience into a sublime dimension. Therefore, woven into all his counterpoint there is the golden thread of poetry, which remains untarnished and unalterable, though the fabric that surrounds it may get rusty and obsolete. What is so very interesting and astonishing in Mr. Runciman's book is that he explains this, which one would have thought inexplicable; and explains it in a way that any intelligent amateur of music, not technically learned, can plainly understand.

I have one quarrel with Mr. Runciman, and it is a quarrel of merely personal opinion and criticism. I share his contempt for most of the music which the Church of England has produced since the Reformation; share it most heartily; but I must protest against his definite statement that "the Church of England has had no religious musicians worth mentioning". It is true that there were whole generations of Church composers, honestly pious and damnably inartistic, who merely "grubbed through life in dusty organ-lofts". But they were not all like that. Because my space is limited, and because one exception will prove my point as well as three, I cite the instance of Samuel Sebastian Wesley. It is true that he inherited some of the defects that sprang from his brilliant but unhappy father's cracked head; that he had fads and restrictions; that he clung to the mean-tone temperament in tuning and to the G and F keyboard compass when these were obsolete; but I cannot agree that his music is "not worth mentioning". I claim that it is both worth mentioning and remembering and hearing; that

there is in much of it that human poetry which is so great a stranger to the organ-loft; tinged with melancholy and decadence and a sense of the passing of things perhaps, but eloquent and abiding none the less, and informed with a modern feeling for harmony which was most beautifully combined with a Bach-like suavity in the movement of parts. Has Mr. Runciman ever seen, I wonder, that little-known book "The European Psalmist"—a collection of hymn-tunes, most of them written and all of them harmonised by Wesley—which for importance in its way can only be compared with Breitkopf's collection of Bach's "vierstimmige Choralgesänge"? It is not practically important as music now, but it is infinitely important as showing what manner of musician Wesley was. A thing that has to be remembered, moreover, in criticising the work of Church composers is that their work was almost all written for performance in Gothic cathedrals. As Mr. Runciman himself certainly knows, the setting in motion of great sound waves in a cathedral is an art in itself; you are not dealing with notes and chords so much as with large sound waves; and many a composition which would sound sublime in a cathedral would sound feeble enough if tried over on a piano or performed in a small parish church—and vice versa. Music of this school does not always stand the test of severe analysis at the music-desk; it is music written for a certain instrument, and that instrument a cathedral, for the cathedral performs the music as well as the organ and voices, joins with them, a very orchestra of stone and space and proportion, the secret of which we have lost.

I have said so much in extenuation of some of the music which Mr. Runciman condemns; but Purcell's music, of course, needs no such extenuation. It is great in itself, and independent of any definite machinery of expression; it sums up a certain fresh spirit which is precious to us as that of the youth and glory of England; and I cannot do better than end this article in some beautiful and melancholy words of Mr. Runciman's own:

"We once had a glorious school of composers. It departed, with no sunset splendour on it, nor even the comfortable ripe tints of autumn. The sun of the young morning shone on its close; the dews of dawn gleam for ever on the last music; the freshness and purity of the air of early morning linger about it. It closed with Purcell, and it is no hyperbole to say the note that distinguishes Purcell's music from all other music in the world is the note of spring freshness. The dewy sweetness of the morning air is in it, and the fragrance of spring flowers. The brown sheets on which the notes are printed have lain amongst the dust for a couple of centuries; they are musty and mildewed. Set the sheets on a piano and play: the music starts to life in full youthful vigour, as music from the soul of a young god should. It cannot and never will grow old; the everlasting life is in it that makes the green buds shoot."

BEHIND THE HARVEST MOON.*

By LORD DUNSANY.

OVER the cover is a latticework and behind it a branch of the cherry tree all in blossom; from behind this there looks at you a huge round harvest moon. Whoever turns the pages behind the harvest moon will know how fared the spirit of O Ko San; and why there is a ghost in the Violet Well and weeping in the valley of Shimizutani whenever the nights are wet; and who the lady was that Heitaro met beneath the great willow in Kyoto, and what befell her when at dead of night they cut the willow down. They will know why at Kumedamura, eight miles south-east of Sakai, in Idsumo, stands Fuezuka, the Tomb of the Flute; where people worship, bringing incense and flowers, not in one season rather than another, but the whole year round. For the wronged husband, once blind and now dead, came with his flute by night to the house of Ichibei, his friend, and told him all his wrongs. And

* "Purcell." By John F. Runciman. London: Bell, 1909. 1s. net.

* "Ancient Tales and Folk-Lore of Japan." By A. Gordon Smith. London: Black. 1909. 20s. net.

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The two virtues which we will call strength and tenderness are nearly always found here in combination, as, for example, where the woodman, Billy Beartup, "lays his broad axe at the feet of" the American millionaire's wife—an act which few other authors can have witnessed. That story has, however, more of the tenderness than the strength. The millionaire succumbs to the beauty of the Kentish countryside where he goes at first only to restore his nerves: his wife curtsies to the old house, saying "Cha-armed to meet you, I'm sure. George, this is history I can understand. We began here". She discovers her maiden name on the floor of her pew at church. She kisses both door-posts of the old house which they have bought, when she finds that she is to be a mother in England. "Be good to me", she addresses the posts. "You know! You've never failed in your duty yet." And then the poem at the end implies that English soil actually calls American millionaires to come and settle on it:

"I am the land of their fathers,
In me the virtue stays;
I will bring back my children
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The verses ought to be invaluable to estate agents in Kent, Sussex, and Surrey, especially on gravel soils.

In the other tales what we have called strength and tenderness are more mixed. The dog "Garm" is named so after one "Garm of the Bloody Breast" who was a great person in his time. This animal breaks the backs of cowardly pariah dogs to prove that he "knew and was worth more than a man". There follows a moonlight scene of his old master in white uniform bending over the dog and saying:

"Good-bye, old man. For 'Eving's sake, don't get bit and go mad by any measley pi-dog. But you can look after yourself, old man. You don't get drunk an' run about 'ittin' your friends. You takes your bones

an' you eats your biscuit, an' you kills your enemy like a gentleman. I'm goin' away—don't 'owl—I'm goin' off to Kasauli, where I won't see you no more. You'll stay here an' be'ave, an'—an' I'll go away an' try to be'ave, an' I don't know 'ow to leave you . . ."

We despair of being able to give a complete idea of the strength from which this tenderness springs, exemplified now in the mere phrase about dogs that are "not worth a cut of the whip", and then in perfect combination with the tenderness in a poem on "the power of the dog" in this strain ":

"Brothers and sisters, I bid you beware
Of giving your heart to a dog to tear."

But "A Deal in Cotton", the best story, also gives the purest examples of these leading virtues of Mr. Kipling, so beautiful in themselves, so exceeding beautiful in company. His object is to upset the vulgar notion that the English are undemonstrative. He introduces at once a fat baronet, called the Infant, who is "devoted, in a fat man's placid way, to at least eight designing women", but above all to Agnes Strickland, who nursed him through a bad bout of fever. It is her son, the young Assistant Commissioner invalided home from Africa, who tells the tale. She is there—"I think", says Mr. Kipling, "I think his mother held his hand beneath the table". But when he talks of cannibals she departs to play hymns. Then the son mentions how a native offered him "four pounds of woman's breast, tattoo marks and all, skewered up in a plantain leaf before breakfast". The contrast is everything. The son tells his tale with the help of nourishing Burgundy, while the mother plays—

"The organ that had been crooning as happily as a woman over her babe restored, steadied to a tune".

She will not let him finish his tale, but tells him to take his medicine, and then she will come and tuck him up in bed:

"Agnes leaned forward, her rounded elbows on his shoulders, hands joined across her dark hair, and—'Isn't he a darling?' she said to us, with just the same heartrending lift of the left eyebrow and the same break of her voice as sent Strickland mad among the horses in the year '84".

An Oriental servant finishes the tale, and Agnes passes "on her way to the music-room humming the 'Magnificat'".

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"One thing only I see most clear,
As I pray you also see.
Claudius Cæsar hath set me here
Rome's Deputy to be.
It is Her peace that ye go to break—
Not mine, nor any king's,
But, touching your clamour of 'conscience sake',
I care for none of these things!"

The strong man knows when to be only strong and can shed his tenderness with ease. That is the consummation to which the stories lead us. Is it really strength and tenderness? Claudius Cæsar might think so.

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"Samuel Pepys." By Percy Lubbock. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1909. 3s. 6d. net.

TWO kinds, very different kinds, of books can be written about Pepys: the historical monograph based on original research and carrying further in every direction the fine work accomplished by Mr. Wheatley; the *œuvre de vulgarisation*, a chatty book summarising for the general public what Mr. Wheatley has garnered, placing it in a nice framework and adding the requisite touches of general comment and literary criticism—the book that a reader who has dipped into the immortal Diary or wishes to dip into it likes to have at his elbow to save himself the trouble of rummaging in books of reference for facts, and the trouble of thinking after he has rummaged. The first would be a labour of years, would be bought by first-class libraries and a handful of scholars, and might make a reputation for its author. The second, the *œuvre de vulgarisation*, will be very useful to everyone who has a taste for literature and does not bother about original research. Mr. Lubbock has kindly provided all who want the second with an excellent little *vade-mecum*. As librarian of the Pepysian Library he had the advantage of living in Pepys' own college, guarding the Pepysian treasures and learning all that the scholars have discovered about the diarist. He disarms criticism by telling us at once that his "sketch" is "based entirely on published materials" (which means practically Mr. Wheatley and his works); he gives us a succinct biography, summarises all the requisite information about the cipher, the books and the material available, and includes some nice pictures (with one of the Pepysian Library) of Pepys himself and two or three of his contemporaries, and adds the right quantity of analytical and literary criticism. The task is performed with pleasantness and good taste; Mr. Lubbock's hand is light, he is interested in the man, has a very distinct impression of his own, and he uses his quotations and illustrations with skill. His pages are easy to read. They were probably not easy to write. We conclude therefore that Mr. Lubbock is fit to do something better. Meanwhile let us hope that he will send a good few readers to plunge into the Diary for themselves.

Those imperishable nine volumes which Mr. Wheatley first gave to the world, unutilised by editorial prudery, have, we are all agreed, a unique place in our literature. Not merely the scholar or the seventeenth-century specialist, but everyone who has ever read a page of the Diary, would like to have them extended to thirty or forty volumes. But whereas the abrupt end on 31 May 1669 deprived the scholar of an original authority which would have been invaluable for the rest of Charles II.'s reign, the continuance of the diary was quite unnecessary for the literary critic or the lover of literature. It could not tell him anything that he did not know before; it might have added to the quantity, but not to the quality, of his pleasure. Nor if our interest is purely psychological, the interest of the dissector in the laboratory of human souls, would additional volumes have given us any new light. The new evidence would have been superfluous, just because it would have been purely confirmatory. The man is completely revealed in the volumes we have. And much more than the man. His wife, his servants, his relatives and his friends are etched in often a few strokes. To anyone with the requisite touch of imagination Mrs. Pepys is a more living woman than Norah Helmer or Hedda Gabler, whom a well-known novelist once said he frequently took in to dinner. What is the reason of this? If we have a little quarrel with Mr. Lubbock it is that he does not plumpily put and answer the question which every reader of Pepys asks himself: Why, when I don't care a rap about the tiresome politics and administrative business of 1675, do I find this Diary so entralling? Is it because it is such an amazingly frank confession of a man's thoughts and feelings—but not frank as, say, Rousseau's is frank—the literary artist writing confessions with one eye on the public and another on his own feelings? Are we all potential Pepyses if we chose to do what Pepys did, and

put on paper every night without flinching everything that we had thought or done that day? Imagine, for example, a well-educated civil servant of to-day, living in a flat in Kensington, with a young wife—a young man who went often to the theatre, enjoyed bridge at his club, loved the game and hated losing money, played the piano or the violin, subscribed to performances of the "Ring" and also liked to see what was going on at the Gaiety, took an interest both in the International and the Academy, bought books at second-hand book stalls and liked to know what the Royal Society savants were working at, attended church regularly and also went to Covent Garden fancy-dress balls, invested in trustee securities and dabbled in speculations in mines, preferred a pretty to a plain parlourmaid in his home, made copious good resolutions yet three or four times a year broke the Seventh Commandment—if such a young man kept a diary in which he recorded faithfully how he swore because he had fozzled a shot at golf, cut himself shaving or lost his collar-stud, as well as every thought or act, foolish, nice, nasty, important, in the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, would it be worth the paper on which it was written? Would anyone except the researcher anxious for documentary proof of trifling points in the history of 1909 want to read such a record two hundred years after it was written? If anyone thinks so let him make such a record for a week, concealing nothing, inventing nothing, and he will find it as interesting to read as the weekly washing-book of the laundry or the counterfoils of last year's cheque-book. And if the man who wrote it cannot make it interesting to himself, no one else except the diseased in mind will find it worth ten minutes' perusal. We are not all potential Pepyses. Nor does Pepys' Diary attract only the diseased in mind. Quite the contrary, it attracts all but the diseased in mind. And the reason quite plainly is that while Pepys apparently tells everything he is really selecting all the time. The selection is absolutely unconscious; but a diarist who unconsciously selects will also have the gift of describing what he selects. The two gifts of selection and description, in fact, go hand in hand. And if Pepys lived to-day his language would be just as simple, vivid and felicitous as it was in 1662. His secret was concealed from himself, because it was himself, and it was only fully revealed to the world when we had the unexpurgated Diary deciphered for us. There are no potential Pepyses. When they exist they write diaries. The difficulty for the world is first to produce the man and then to secure his diary. And the difficulty is so great that since the reign of Charles II. we have had many delightful letter-writers, many authors of memoirs, many so-called gossiping diarists. But there is only one Pepys as there is only one Boswell.

MOON-GAZING.

"New Poems." By Richard Le Gallienne. London: Lane. 1909. 5s. net.

IT is both easy and difficult to be severe with Mr. Le Gallienne. It is easy, because he can be so very irritating. It is difficult for much the same reason that it is difficult to be severe with a pretty child who is tiresome. His preciosity is often quite unendurable, yet his best effects lie so near to preciosity that it seems unreasonable to ask him to be less precious. Wrath comes steadily to a head, until the soft line turneth it away; and we are left wondering whether it is not beside the point to ask our poet to come closer to reality. It is asking him to be less himself, which is rarely a good thing.

Mr. Le Gallienne lives within the precincts of a tendency which in France already shows signs of having exhausted itself. He is something of a symbolist. Happily and naturally enough, symbolism is proving itself to be, not so much a serious movement, as a transitory cloud that will leave a very small wreck behind. The attempt to see through the meaning of a word to some enhanced and mysterious connotation subconsciously induced leads in the last resort to a species of emotional algebra where most of the quantities are unknown. Fundamentally, of course, the symbolists are right. The

suggestive beauty of words, lines, and rhythms is at the back of all poetry; and it is in its peculiar arrangement of words, lines, and rhythms that poetry is enabled to say what prose may not. But, though a word poetically placed may have its meaning deepened and revealed as it was never revealed before, yet this is something very different from what the symbolists attempt when they get away from fundamental truth to their own perverse deductions from it. They do not so much seek to deepen the inherent meaning that lies in words as to look through the words themselves to certain nebulous conceptions which they arbitrarily associate with them. More often than not the point is reached at which nebulous conception becomes no conception at all, and the lines are so many arrows pointing to a pearly and shifting mist where the reader's own fancy may outline things for itself as it pleases. This way lies, not the apprehension of things deeper than speech, but the negation of all that speech was intended to convey:

"O climb with me, this April night,
The silver ladder of the moon."

It is not flippancy to insist that, before accepting the invitation, we should like to know where we are going. A fancy may be pretty enough; but fancies are of two kinds—the fancy that is sublimated thought, and the fancy that is thought's negation.

Talk about the symbolists passes a little over the head of Mr. Le Gallienne. His algebra is very elementary; and his "fancies" are obviously pretty, rather than vaguely significant. Pure symbolism will never come into English poetry. In France it was helped to its own by the fact that French words in the minds of the French tend to become more quickly charged with irrelevant association and with literary tradition than English words in the minds of the English. Mr. Le Gallienne would be reduced to very plain English indeed, if he were deprived of a certain small and cherished casket of gew-gaws. Take away his moon, and his pearls; forbid him to repeat, or invert, or toy with a mellifluous phrase; take from him his "dew and danger and delight", his "mouth where many meanings meet", and so forth—then he would find his cupboard a little bare. It would be cruel so to deprive him, cruel to him and to his readers. These readers would probably fare further and fare worse; and Mr. Le Gallienne himself would be left disconsolate like a child deprived of bricks with which he can build such dear little golden palaces.

In confirmation of all that we have said we might pass from chamber to chamber, from palace to palace, until we were tired of the journey. One door we open upon a little golden palace all complete:

"What is the meaning of your hair—
That little fairy palace wrought
With many a grave fantastic thought?
I send a kiss to wander there,
To climb from golden stair to stair,
Wind in and out your cunning bowers,
O garden gold with golden flowers,
O little palace built of hair!"

We pass to another:

"The moon is up at half-past five,
She frightens me among the pines;
The moon, and only half-past five!
With half the ruddy day alive—
So soon, so high, so cold, she shines,
This daylight moon among the pines."

The moon, and only half-past five! Fancy that!

MERE PASTE.

"Diamond Cut Paste." By Agnes and Egerton Castle. London: Murray. 1909. 6s.

THEIR latest novel may be considered for the authors in a measure as a new departure, since, if they have ever before attempted to deal with modernity, they have not done so for a good many years. Their "line", if one

may so call it, has been the romance of half-historical adventure, laid in the seventeenth or eighteenth century, and dealing with life, not on the exacting terms of reality nor even with any great effort after probability, but according to the purely conventional acceptance of the period they selected, and obtaining what had to be added to represent the colour of life, not from any original study of the period, but from the phrases which have been consecrated to it by the usage of previous writers, and which have thus become the common stock-in-trade of the romancer who asks no more of the past than effective costumes, heroic simplicity, and the easy substitution of sentiment for character. Such requirements, coupled with ingenuity and invention, may quite easily succeed in making a readable book for idle people who ask no more than the beguilement of an hour, and for whom the only digestion with which literature is connected is that which it is expected to assist. In catering for such wants the authors have been quite successful. There has been no disturbing humanity in their creations, the morals and manners which history, drama and private chronicle lead us to imagine in the past have been carefully adapted to suit modern middle-class conventions, and there has never been a disturbing suggestion that hero or heroine would fail in the concluding pages to arrive for the reward of their subservience to the authors' plan. Moreover, the English in which these stories were written was of quite good quality, improved by its very failure to imitate the reality of the centuries with which it dealt. It was, in short, good romance English, unlike anything that ever was, but adhering carefully and effectively to what it was expected to be. Their latest venture may be considered to prove not only the wisdom in their selection of bygone periods but also how easily, when dressed in costume, the most moderate of talents may pass for something more considerable. To deal successfully with modernity a novelist must have either a forcible view of life or some skill in dealing with its presentation. Our authors are not only quite without these qualities, but have sacrificed in dealing with to-day the qualities which they seemed to have. In "Diamond Cut Paste", whatever the title may mean, we have an example of the trivial treatment of a trivial theme which one imagined as confined almost exclusively to the journals which picture "high society" for the benefit of the servants' hall. The treatment is perhaps not sufficiently lurid to appeal to that profitable circle, but its feebleness will probably commend it to the larger class of readers who in literature prefer even their milk watered. The effect of this diluted melodrama is to produce an appearance of emotions curiously out of proportion to their causes. Lady Gertrude, after finding her governess' hypochondriacal pulse "exceedingly quick and low, withdrew with a hopeless sensation that the world was out of joint beyond the power of her setting it right". "The room seemed to go round" with the same lady when her daughter explained a childish practical joke. The pulses of Coralie, a very modern American who has married into "the best society", "throbbed with a not unpleasurable excitement" when the motor-car in which she was being driven prepared to exceed the legal speed limit. One could much more easily understand her excitement if it had remained within it. The car, with "a rending and crashing of brakes, and a fierce convulsion beneath them", turns a somersault at a corner, flinging its four occupants unhurt into the neighbouring ditches, but reserves for itself the most amusing absurdity, the chauffeur announcing, while it is still upside down, that the machinery is in working order. However, as the accident is arranged solely to put into the hands of his wife an emerald necklace which Sir Reginald, a very stagey soldier, has bought for the lady with whom he has had the mildest of flirtations, one could not expect any harm to come from it, even to the car. Everything is, indeed, so mild, except the price of the necklace, that there is not a thrill to be extracted from the final scene in a darkened library at a dance, in the best stage style, when everyone, eavesdroppingly, overhears everybody else, though Sir Reginald's "countenance is stamped with emotion" on parting with the flirtatious lady who has begun to bore him,

whose "breath is drawn hissingly within" on his telling her so, while "alternate waves of heat and chill passed over" his listening wife. The quotations, better perhaps than any depreciation, will explain the level which the book attains.

A GOOD VIEW OF RUBENS.

"Rubens." By Edward Dillon. London: Methuen. 1909. 25s. net.

IT required no little courage on Mr. Dillon's part to attempt the almost impossible task of combining readably in a single volume a life-history of Rubens with a critical and chronological survey of his painting. But he has succeeded admirably for all that, and his publishers have added to the value of the book by a series of nearly five hundred illustrations arranged as nearly as may be in the order of the painter's œuvre. The teeming events of the master's crowded life, for reasons which the author sets forth with cogency, are first dealt with. Rubens' life, even if he had never painted a picture, would have been busier than that of most of his contemporaries, and thanks to the patient enthusiasm of his countrymen the materials for dealing with it have been collected and worked out not only in the stupendous "Codex Diplomaticus Rubenianus", which still remains unfinished, but in the enormous mass of bibliography connected with the names of Rooses, Michel and others. Of even greater value is the critical appreciation which follows of the chief masterpieces of his brush, though the task of selection from some thousand works, the product of fifty years of uninterrupted labour, must have been no slight one. The criticism is fresh and spirited, sincere and sympathetic, yet entirely removed from that maudlin and ecstatic attitude which often disgusts and wearies even where its subject is admittedly one of the giants of the earth.

So vigorous and virile a personality as that of Rubens must always challenge either admiration or distaste. But to those who, like Byron, are out of temper with his "eternal wives and infernal glare of colour" or to those who, like Ingres, counsel "Look, but do not linger", the author's Apologia may be humbly commended. Mr. Dillon does well to remind us that the lives of Guido and Domenichino run parallel with that of Rubens, that Caravaggio, the arch-heretic of his day, was then a stalwart and dominating personality, and that Rubens' style followed upon that of the Seicento. The tendency to compare him to his disadvantage with the Flemish artists of the fifteenth century is indeed almost universal, and some excuse may be found for so doing in the curious abruptness with which, in the North at least, painting seems suddenly to abandon all remains of archaism and formality for the greatest freedom and flow of movement and life. Much at least of the modernism which showed itself even in Rubens' earliest work was due to his visit to Italy and the innate love of style traceable in all his art. An attempt has been made to link Rubens to his Flemish predecessors through his masters Verhaeght, Van Noort and Van Veen. Verhaeght indeed played little part in his education, though it has been suggested that Rubens' later fondness for landscape may be due to the older man's example. And even Mr. Dillon seems inclined to endorse the old belief that from Van Noort he derived or inherited the home-bred Flemish tradition in art as opposed to the influences of the South. The truth is, however, that practically no works of Rubens exist which can be attributed with absolute certainty to his pre-Italian days, while we are almost as much in the dark as to Van Noort's own painting, at least of the time when Rubens occupied his studio. There can therefore be no real basis for comparison. Even of Van Veen, the cultured eclectic, we know but little of the earlier work on which his reputation in the minds of Rubens and his fellow-pupils must have rested. But if it was Italy which opened Rubens' eyes and sent him back to Antwerp after eight brief years a master of the brush; it was no mere Italianising Fleming who now took his place among his brother artists. He already possessed an individuality that was all his own, and that fine sense of style—which above all his qualities appealed so strongly to his ardent

admirer, our own Sir Joshua Reynolds—had set its seal upon all that he undertook. The combination is as irresistible as it is rare, and secures for Rubens his place of honour.

MEREDITH AND WATER.

"The Paladin." By Horace Annesley Vachell. London: Smith, Elder. 1909. 6s.

IF George Meredith had never written "The Egoist" Mr. Vachell in "The Paladin" would have produced a notable work. As it is, his book suffers inevitably by comparison, not only because he has chosen the theme of Meredith's masterpiece, but because he has adopted—not always very happily—some of his mannerisms and tricks of style. It is not possible to say of many pages of the book "These might have been written by George Meredith". But it is impossible to avoid detecting the resemblance in many turns of phrases, sentences and ideas. Mr. Vachell's prose has therefore something of the nature of patchwork. He is good—in patches; and he is bad, occasionally very bad—in patches. With a high aim, an unflinching seriousness and indomitable purpose, he set out, we feel, to write a great book. Somehow he just misses it. He might, perhaps, have done better if he had aimed less high, if he had been content to acknowledge to himself his own limitations, if, in short, he had allowed himself to be quite natural. The main defect of Mr. Vachell's work is that it is without charm. There is nothing winning in his manner. He cannot convey the loveable qualities even of those characters who he assures us are quite charming. He cannot win our unmitigated sympathy for his heroine Esther Yorke. We are sorry, of course, for her sufferings, but it is not the heartbreaking sorrow we feel for wronged and lovely women suffering undeservedly. It is an artificial sort of emotion—tempered by irritation at some of the absurdities of her conduct. And so with the Paladin himself. He must have been a finer fellow than the author allows us to see. He is presented throughout with satire, but somehow the satire does not bite. We never feel very pleased with him. We never feel very angry with him. He irritates at times, but more often he is merely tedious. He fails utterly to touch our emotions. He leaves us unmoved, unconvinced. Mr. Vachell has woven into his book an atmosphere of unrelieved gloom. From the first page to the last there is no note of joyousness. There is no warm glow of emotion, no touch of poetry, no lofty aspiration. Life is represented as a harsh, desperate thing—a drab battle in a drab world. Even the "comic relief" of the story (if we may introduce so melodramatic a description into a notice of so serious a work) is a lady who is smarting under a perpetual grievance, and who subsists on stout and steak. In the Paladin himself, Mr. Vachell has added nothing new to Meredith's creation. Harry Rye is an inferior "Egoist". He is a clean-bred, typical English gentleman, a sportsman, and one anxious always "to do the right thing". He has been brought up on pleasant platitudes by a worldly minded "little mater" who discourages the dear boy from doing anything rash. In his dalliance with the faithful lady whom he honours with his affection he follows in the footsteps of Sir Willoughby Patterne. That he makes a grievous mess of his life goes without saying. But that he should behave in the manner he is made to do towards the woman he finally marries and that he should be exposed in the consulting-room of a Harley Street physician are incidents for which the previous history of the Paladin as narrated by the author have not in the least prepared us. It is impossible to believe that a man with the Paladin's upbringing and consistent correctness of attitude would make love to another woman before his invalid wife's eyes in her own bedroom. Nor is this the only occasion on which the author makes great demands on his reader's credulity. Mr. Vachell must learn that while all things are possible for the novelist, it lies with him to make his readers feel not merely the possibility but the certainty of all that happens. Inconsistency of characterisation has spoilt better novels than "The Paladin".

On the whole, then, we cannot consider Mr. Vachell's new book a success. It has its qualities—its seriousness of aim and purpose, its fluent, grammatical English and its evidence of real labour. But we prefer Mr. Vachell in his earlier work, in which he is more himself.

NOVELS.

"The Holy Mountain." By Stephen Reynolds. London: Lane. 1909. 6s.

At the first glance this novel appears to be a study in landslides—as good a title would be "The Perambulating Mountain". Considered more profoundly—though not much more profoundly—it turns out to be a satire on various fads, delusions and quackeries of to-day, Christian Science seeming to come in for a fair share of those zephyr-like lashings that may not do any good but at any rate work no harm. Such satire always impresses the untutored intelligence as clever and highly moral, and that is the best and worst that can be said of it (and really, when one remembers that the original of Pecksniff did not recognise his own portrait, the efficacy of the more biting sort may be questioned). The central idea of the story is that a young man in the present age by faith moves a mountain from its place, and then, disappointed by the results of his feat, more by accident than anything else, almost inadvertently, moves it back. Such a fantastic parable demands consummate mastery in the treatment. It must be a genuine parable, must show forth some truth difficult to grasp without it, else the mocker will say that those whose faith is mighty enough to move mountains would find something better to do with it than rendering useless existing maps and discomfiting local boards and borough surveyors. Without desiring to mock, that is our comment on the doings in "The Holy Mountain". It embodies nothing essential; there is no fervour behind it. Mr. Reynolds' imagination works too feebly and intermittently for such a theme, which the inventor of Gulliver, if he lived at the present time, might use to some fine purpose. The art of making the impossible seem not only possible but inevitable, and the incredible a thing that our understanding compels us to believe, is not an easy one. Mr. Reynolds wields a facile pen, and in this sort of fantasy or allegory it is his ruin. The voyages of Gulliver did not come easily out of a full inkpot through a smooth-running quill to sheets of pure white paper: they were first achieved by a white-hot, vivid, all-seeing imagination; Swift knew every nook and cranny of his topsyturvy world, knew, so to speak, the natural laws that governed it, and wrought his picture all of a piece. It was an absurd world and was meant to be an absurd world, and its absurdity was consistent and therefore comprehensible. Mr. Reynolds, if he has the capacity, has not taken the pains to do the "fundamental brain-work". His fancy is everlastingly breaking down; highly serious passages and passages which are the very small beer of cheap satire are stuck together anyhow; after moments of attempted ecstatic elevation of mood there are longueurs of sheer farce and burlesque quite in the vein of Mr. Robert Hichens. Mr. Reynolds must seek to capture and master his runaway pen. It is quite possible that he may some day write a good book—"The Holy Mountain" is only a clever one. And there are so many clever writers and clever stories nowadays that readers must be growing rather tired of them.

"The Bride." By Grace Rhys. London: Methuen. 1909. 6s.

When the young barrister to whom Esther had been engaged to be married before she and her mother came down in the world took her to a fancy-dress ball at Covent Garden she mysteriously divined that his intentions were no longer honourable. And sure enough, when in spite of this discovery she motored down to a country inn with him, he lied about the car having broken down and about there being no train back, though in fact there was the 6.5; and Esther had to run alone to the station to catch it, and a horrid tramp spoke to her on the way. After four "formative" years of life in

London in reduced circumstances she was rendered "pale with horror" by another tramp as she took shelter under a tree in a thunderstorm; and now John came to the rescue. "The Miracle Happens" is the title of the next chapter, which means that John and she were therein properly introduced. John was a sculptor, but for some unexplained reason she never dared go to his studio until one morning it occurred to her to pay a surprise visit to her lover; and then (she was only twenty-five) she mistook a nude model for a statue, and fainted with fright when the girl looked at her. This unusually deceptive model was annoyed by Esther's behaviour and refused to sit any more to John; and John said he could never finish his statue "The Bride" without her, and pettishly began to hit "The Bride" on the head with a hammer. It is difficult to take any interest in such silly people, or in a story which in spite of its elaboration is on some points so curiously naïve and uninformed.

"The Prodigal Father." By J. Storer Clouston. London: Mills and Boon. 1909. 6s.

In returning to the vein of his early success "The Lunatic at Large", Mr. Clouston makes a considerable draft upon the charity of the reading public. There are times and seasons for everything, even for humour, and "The Prodigal Father"—after the manner of champagne at breakfast—strikes us as decidedly outside the fitness of things. We enjoyed "The Lunatic at Large" because it was brimful of innocent fun, and in the story of a precise Scottish lawyer subjected to a rejuvenating process on the lines of "Vice Versa", with a moral purpose such as Dickens gave us in the transformation of Scrooge, we looked forward to an even greater feast. But Mr. Walkingshaw was apparently too old to play the good fairy to his younger son and daughter without making havoc of the happiness of the rest of his family circle. It may be justifiable for the elderly philanthropist to rectify his testamentary dispositions so as to enable his daughter to marry a penniless artist—at the expense of his too grasping elder son; but there seems no excuse for carrying philanthropy to the length of depriving that unfortunate of his fiancée just because his younger brother has had the bad taste to make love to the girl. Nor does Mr. Walkingshaw grow in our esteem because in a state of skittishness he proposes to the unoffending Mrs. Dunbar—the feeblest scheming widow we ever met—only to repudiate her the next morning and "go on the spree" in London. Mr. Clouston forgets that humour has its limitations—George Graves would not shine in the title-rôle of "Othello".

"Deep-Sea Warriors." By Basil Lubbock. London: Methuen. 1909. 6s.

This story of a voyage from Calcutta to England in a sailing-ship ought doubtless to provoke from the conscientious reviewer (though he cannot tell a cutter from a schooner) a study of the difference in method between Mr. Lubbock and Mr. Joseph Conrad. Taking that as read (for it would be hard to write), let us say that our author has none of Mr. Conrad's detachment. The former writes as an army officer who for a bet ships before the mast, lives as one of the crew, fights and works and goes hungry and is soaked to the skin, and in the comradeship of the fore-castle—and a scratch crew the "Benares" carried—learns more of human nature in the rough than often comes the way of an educated man. Mr. Conrad is more like an albatross viewing a ship objectively, taking higher flights—but we are slipping into the way which we have just abjured. This book is of absorbing interest: the men, their chancies, the weather, the seamanship, are wrought into a story which the veriest landsman must enjoy.

"Peter-Peter." By Maude Radford Warren. London: Harper. 1909. 6s.

This quaintly transatlantic story belongs to what one of its characters elegantly describes as "kid literature". Its very title is the beginning of a piece of infantile doggerel, and Peter loses all his money just

when his wife is expecting Peterkin and he is hoping for Madgie. And when they retire to a farm to live the simple life on the hundred odd dollars that are left Margery lavishly presents him with both Peterkin and Madgie at once. By-and-by Margery has to go out teaching, and Peter left at home to mind the babes is inspired by them to write poems that sell like wildfire—a thing his pictures, painted before he started a nursery, had never done. The rest of the couple's time is filled in by strenuous matchmaking amongst their boarders. The book is dedicated to the writer's husband. We rather expected to find it dedicated to Mr. Roosevelt.

"Cackling Geese." By Brenda Gisvin. London: Long. 1909. 6s.

It turned out that the reason Hélène did not live with her husband was because he was shut up in a lunatic asylum in France, and that the man who visited her was only her brother Henry; but not before the cackling had prevented her figuring as pianist at the sale of work in aid of S. Mary's Parish Hall. Meritorious as it is to point out the dire consequences of malicious gossip, a story chiefly about the silly tittle-tattle of a small neighbourhood is in danger of becoming, like its subject, a little wearisome. The author knows her suburbs; possibly she is a little anxious to make it clear that she is not of them. She also knows a good many French words, which she scatters liberally through her book. But who would have thought that a lady whose Gallic proclivities compel her to call the man who whistles for a cab outside a London restaurant a "concierge" would have omitted to correct a slip like "chef d'œuvres"?

"Avenging Children." By Mary E. Mann. London: Methuen. 1909. 6s.

Even in the days of pork-pie hats and chignons, we cannot believe that the blatant, tyrannical Mr. Blore, and his characterless daughter, all tremors and apparent obedience, were typical specimens of a middle-class parent and child. Grace is a foolish, dull girl, whose eventual happiness is more than she deserves. The other "avenging child" is, we presume, the handsome, artistic Alfred Clough, whose reckless courses punish his father for an early fault. But why because a man has an illegitimate son—a very excellent young man, by the way—his legitimate well brought-up offspring should indulge vicious propensities and commit suicide is what Miss Mann fails to make clear to us.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Auction Bridge." By Archibald Dunn. London: Mills and Boon. 1909. 5s.

The lot of the novice at auction bridge is—like that of Gilbert's policeman—not a happy one, if he attempts to assimilate the methods recommended in the different books on the subject. The latest book flies in the face of everything which has been previously written. The author begins by saying that it is never right to overcall one's hand. This in itself is misleading, as there are times when it is absolutely necessary to do so—but we will let that pass. Having said so much, he proceeds to explain what he considers proper declarations. We read that the dealer should declare "One heart" on four hearts with any two honours, and nothing else in his hand—say knave, 10, 5, 2. This is one of the very worst and most fatal declarations at auction bridge. Again, we are told that the dealer, holding five winning clubs and two tricks in spades, should declare "Two No trumps", not "One No trump", without a possible trick in either red suit. He can do so, of course, if he does not mind losing 400 or 500 points above the line; but that is, apparently, a common occurrence with the author and his friends, as he tells us of a player who declared "Six clubs" over "Two No trumps", and lost 800 points on the transaction. What was it that we read about never overcalling one's hand?

Then as regards doubling. We are told that a one-trick bid should seldom be doubled, but that "a two-trick bid should generally be doubled". Now, if there is any meaning in the word "generally", it means in the majority of cases, and just fancy the terrible grief that a player would come to who made a general practice of doubling any two-trick bid made against him. His unfortunate partner would have our

(Continued on page x.)

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most sincere sympathy. The best part of the book is the last few chapters, under the heading of "General Hints". This part is distinctly good. It deals with the play of the cards, quite apart from the declaration, and a beginner will be able to glean some valuable information from these hints.

It is evident that Mr. Dunn has studied the game carefully, and formed his own theories about it, but it is equally evident that he can never have put his theories into practice, by playing the game seriously for money, or he would have been speedily disillusioned. The book is yet another instance of a little knowledge being a dangerous thing—dangerous to anyone who attempts to put its precepts into practice.

"The Works of James Buchanan." Vol. IX. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott. 1909.

This volume consists almost entirely of letters and dispatches written by Buchanan while United States Minister in London. It is less disfigured by the inclusion of trivialities than its predecessors. A good many of the documents published here are of permanent interest in diplomatic history. Many of them deal with such matters as the right of seizure of an enemy's goods in neutral ships, a question frequently discussed by the British and American Governments during the Crimean War. The period covered is from June 1853 to the end of 1855. At times during this period controversy regarding the British protectorate over the Mosquito Indians was acute, and the possibility of war between the United States and ourselves by no means out of the question. Fortunately both Buchanan and Lord Clarendon were conciliatory in tone and temper. Buchanan, indeed, may be contrasted favourably with some of his predecessors at the London Legation. It is interesting to note that our Foreign Minister distinctly repudiates the American claim for European recognition of the Monroe doctrine, therein anticipating Lord Salisbury. This volume also contains the famous "Ostend Declaration" regarding Cuba made by three American Ministers in Europe, of whom Buchanan was one, probably the most grotesque violation of international comity known to history.

"Fifty Years of It." By J. H. H. Macdonald. London: Blackwood. 1909. 10s. 6d. net.

The reminiscences of an officer so distinguished as Colonel Macdonald, who has served in the volunteer force since 1859, ought to be of value. But the book is disappointing. Too much space is occupied with frivolous detail, and too many dull stories become wearisome. Nearly all these stories are hopelessly out of date. But Colonel Macdonald appears to think that drill has still the prominence it once had, and he claims that he has all through been in advance of the times, and has exercised a predominant influence on modern military training. In one place he says, "If I have ruined or helped to ruin the drill of the British Army", etc. He need really have no such qualms of conscience. Lord Airey, Lord Wolseley, Sir Redvers Buller, Sir Evelyn Wood, and other Adjutants-General were men who had ideas of their own, and acted on them without relying too much on the authority of even so distinguished a volunteer as the author. It is true that he talked a great deal on the subject with many leading Generals, from Commanders-in-Chief downwards—many of his conversations he relates in extenso; that he has written much in the "United Service Magazine" and other periodicals; and that he gives us numerous extracts from letters praising his work. But all this is far from convincing us that the author's influence on the training of the Army was more far-reaching than that of all the War Secretaries, Commanders-in-Chief, and Adjutants-General who held office during the period under notice.

"The Reunion Magazine." No. 1, October. London: Cope and Fenwick. 1909. 6d. net.

We welcome this magazine, which should be of real use in preparing the way for the reunion in Christendom. Undoubtedly ignorance stands in the way quite as much as any dogmatic difficulty. There is no valid reason why the American and Orthodox Churches should not be in communion with one another. But it would be fatal to try to rush things. The best service that can be done for reunion at present is the spread of knowledge.

"The Advertisements of 'The Spectator'." By Laurence Lewis. London: Constable. 6s. net.

At a time when most material for the reconstruction of vanishing periods has been made conveniently accessible, it is something to be grateful for when someone suggests an additional source of information that might well have been overlooked. To go to the advertisement for a sidelight upon manners would not occur to everyone; but it has occurred to Mr. Lewis. The result is by no means to be despised. The eighteenth-century gentleman may, in his chase after lost property, be followed through the culminat-

ing stages of last night's entertainment. The eighteenth-century lady may be indiscreetly followed into her very chamber, where she may be seen drinking strange quackeries to make her fair, or applying the cosmetic, the presence of which may not be detected by the nearest friend. The books to be read, the garments to be worn, the theatres and shows to be visited—all are to be found here, puffed and praised a little archaically perhaps, but with a true modern appreciation of the superlative degree. No student of eighteenth-century society should neglect these advertisements.

"The Jena Campaign." By Colonel F. N. Maude. London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1909. 5s. net.

Each volume of the "special campaign series" has been interesting, and this last one is especially so. Colonel Maude has written a very clear and interesting account of one of the most momentous phases of modern European history. Jena may in truth be called the birthplace of the modern military system, since it was the dire straits to which Prussia was reduced in 1806 that induced her to set her house in order, and laid the seeds of the future greatness of modern Germany. Moreover, it was Napoleon's restrictions on her maintenance of an army that caused her to adopt the short-service system by which a whole nation can be trained to arms. Needless to say, this system has now been adopted by every great European nation except ourselves. We cordially recommend all those interested in the subject to read Colonel Maude's book.

"Dictionary of National Biography." Vol. XX. Ubal dini—Whewell. London: Smith, Elder. 1909. 15s. net.

Colonel E. M. Lloyd's sixty-eight columns on the Duke of Wellington are the principal contribution to the new volume. Nearly sixty columns are devoted to Mr. I. S. Leadam's Sir Robert Walpole, while some ten columns suffice for Mr. Austin Dobson's Horace Walpole—a proportion which strikes us as a good example of the relative importance allotted in the Dictionary to individuals. Sir Leslie Stephen's account of Bishop Warburton and of William Whewell, Sir Frederick Bramwell's of James Watt, Sir Alexander Arbuthnot's Viscount Wellesley, S. R. Gardiner's First Earl of Strafford, and the Rev. Alexander Gordon's Wesley combine to lend distinction to the latest volume in the reissue of the Dictionary.

"In the Days of the Georges." By W. B. Boulton. London: Nash. 1909. 15s. net.

No man who writes a book upon Court life can expect any very serious critical attention just now. Court life has, during the last year, proved to be the chosen field of the book-maker, and the number of these volumes has been as great as their contents have been negligible. "In the Days of the Georges" is good of its kind, not at all badly written, and resting upon a sound basis of contemporary evidence. But Georgian naughtiness is always a little tedious and the liveliness of the domestic annals of these kings fails to communicate itself to the onlooker. The incomparable Brummell, too, is all very well in his way; but we have soon had enough of him.

"The Religion of H. G. Wells, and other Essays." By the Rev. Alexander H. Craufurd. London: Fisher Unwin. 1909. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Wells must certainly feel flattered to find here so scrupulous a *réchauffé* of his opinions. To each of these opinions is attached a *credo*, or a non-*credo*, with or without reservations, which is instructive in so far as it reflects the mind of the author. Otherwise the instruction is not great in its amount, nor of a disproportionately high quality. The essays are quite readable, perhaps for these very reasons. The sententious mind will find them particularly pleasing; and there is much comfort here for those who have a sneaking affection for advanced views, without the courage or the logic to follow them through to the end.

LITERARY NOTES.

The autumn publishing season is prolific, though so far there have been no works calculated to lend it distinction. The only book that has apparently really "caught on" is one that had been better unpublished. To many of the principal volumes on the lists we drew attention three weeks ago. Dr. Sven Hedin's "Trans-Himalaya", which Messrs. Macmillan will issue, will be in two volumes, containing eight coloured plates and four hundred other illustrations. Then we are to have Lieutenant Shackleton's story of his Antarctic achievement from Mr. Heinemann.

Another big book, to be issued by Messrs. Longmans, is Mr. Millais' "Natural History of British Game Birds". Priced

(Continued on page xii.)

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at £8 8s. net, it will be ready on 28 October. Messrs. Longmans will also issue a facsimile of the original MSS. of "The Dream of Gerontius" by John Henry Newman. On Monday next will appear "The Relation of Medicine to Philosophy", by Dr. R. O. Moon. The work is an attempt to trace the influence exercised upon medicine by current thought and philosophy.

Mr. Murray is adding to his "Wisdom of the East" series the famous Buddhist parallel of the "Imitatio Christi", written in the eighth century by Santi Deva, who is called the Thomas à Kempis of India. No English translation of this work, which will be "The Path of Light", has previously appeared. The translation has been done by Dr. L. D. Barnett, the Keeper of Oriental Records at the British Museum. Another work which Mr. Murray is about to publish is equally fresh to English—or for that matter Italian—readers. It is a history of the Medici family as a whole. Colonel G. F. Young is the author.

The first item in Messrs. Bell's list is "The Savoy Operas", by Sir W. S. Gilbert, with coloured illustrations by Mr. Russell Flint: it appears this week. Next Wednesday Messrs. Bell will publish "A Handbook to Dante", by F. J. Snell; in November "The Works of John Hoppner", by William McKay and W. Roberts, of which there will be only 500 copies, price £5 5s. each; "A Lady of the Old Régime", by Ernest F. Henderson; and "The Builders of Spain", by Clara C. Perkins; in December "The Imperial Russian Dinner Service", by G. C. Williamson; and they have in the press Volume II. of "The Hanoverian Queens of England", by Alice Drayton Greenwood, containing Charlotte (Queen of George III.), Caroline of Brunswick (Queen of George IV.), and Adelaide (Queen of William IV.); and Volume V. of "The Itinerary of John Leland", newly edited from the MSS. by Lucy Toulmin Smith. "The Home Counties Magazine", edited by W. Paley Baildon, will in future be published by Messrs. Bell. The September number contains much matter of interest to the men and women of Kent and Essex and Hertfordshire.

Messrs. Blackwood will make the Blackie Centenary the occasion for the publication of "The Letters of John Stuart Blackie to his Wife, with a Few Earlier Ones to his Parents", selected and edited by his nephew, Mr. A. Stodart Walker. The letters contain reminiscences of seventy years of literary, artistic, and scientific association. Huxley, Spencer, Carlyle, Ruskin, Irving, Gladstone, and many more were among Blackie's friends. "The Work and Play of a Government Inspector", by Mr. Herbert Preston-Thomas, has a Preface by Mr. John Burns. "The Passing of the Shereefian Empire", by Mr. E. Ashmead-Bartlett; and "A History of Mediæval Political Theory in the West", by Mr. R. W. Carlyle, of Balliol College, Oxford, and Mr. A. J. Carlyle, of University College, Oxford, are also on Messrs. Blackwood's list.

The Oxford University Press have in preparation a new series of Oxford Studies in Social and Legal History, under the editorship of Mr. Paul Vinogradoff. The first volume is "English Monasteries on the Eve of the Dissolution", by Mr. Alexander Savine, and "Patronage in the Later Empire", by Mr. F. de Zulueta. A book on "Armour and Weapons", written by Mr. Charles Boulkes, will have a preface by Viscount Dillon.

Messrs. Smith, Elder announce that Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch's volume, "Corporal Sam, and other Stories", will be postponed to the New Year. During the next fortnight they will publish Mr. G. W. E. Russell's Memoir of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and Professor James Leng's "The Coming Englishman". "The Caravaners" is the title of the new book by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden" which Messrs. Smith, Elder will publish early next month.

Mr. Heinemann has nearly ready a new book by M. Lenotre, entitled "The Tribunal of the Terror", a study of Paris in 1793-95. M. Lenotre's researches have added much to our knowledge of the French Revolution.

Mr. Edward Arnold has ready for publication "The Salmon Rivers and Lochs of Scotland", by Mr. W. L. Calderwood, the Inspector of Salmon Fisheries for Scotland. The book, while something in the nature of a work of reference, will, it is hoped, be found literary in character as well. "Unspeakable" is the word that sums up the condition of Turkey. Mr. G. F. Abbott attempts to show Turkey as she actually is, in his forthcoming book, "Turkey in Transition". Lady St. Helier's "Memories of Fifty Years" is to be published by Mr. Arnold on Thursday next.

Mr. John Lane next week will publish "Giovanni Boccaccio", a biographical study by Mr. Edward Hutton; "Later (Continued on page xiv.)

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS' Autumn Announcements, 1909.

A NOTABLE LIST.

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Ichibei arose and went to the house that had been Yoichi's, the blind flute-player, his friend. And he spoke to her that had been Yoichi's wife as she sat in the house with her lover, and asked her many questions. Thus the hour of ten went by and thus eleven. Still Ichibei sat talking and listening to lies. Now for the seventh time Asayo, who had been Yoichi's wife, "was assuring Ichibei that everything that was possible had been done for her blind husband," and the hour of midnight came upon them as she spoke, and a storm of wind arose, and they heard the sound of Yoichi playing his flute. And Ichibei slipped away at once, and escaped alone from the doom that comprehended the whole of that guilty house.

There too is to be found what vengeance Akechi takes on all the fishermen of Biwa because one of them once betrayed him to his death, and what the rustling was that Jogen heard by night about the haunted temple in Inaba, just before his marrow froze and he became paralysed.

And there is the beautiful story of O Kinu who dived for the haliotis shell in Oiso Bay, and Takadai the Samurai that loved her. And O Kinu would not marry so far above her station, and Takadai sickened for love. And one night Takadai went out to sea and drowned himself, so that his spirit lingering where he died might sometimes see O Kinu as she came diving down to look for the haliotis shell. But the spirit of Takadai passed into many gulls and they came wheeling into Oiso Bay, though so little known in that part of the sea, and hovered, to the wonder of the fishermen, over the place where Takadai had gone down. Far away they took his body to Kamakura, but his spirit had not ease, even though O Kinu prayed for it in the temple and built to his memory a tomb, and still in stormy weather, year in year out, hung over Oiso Bay the unwonted gulls. And only O Kinu knew that dead Takadai was watching there in fear lest she should ever marry a living man.

And O Kinu married no one, but the typhoon came down nine years later and drowned O Kinu in the sea, and then the spirit of Takadai rested and the sea-gulls went away.

One of the most beautiful pictures in this book, nearly all beautiful, is the one that shows O Kinu putting out into the bay to see the place where Takadai had died. And the white gulls are all about that place, and ever there come in to it more and more. Perhaps it is evening; but I think more likely it is about the dawn, for the sea-mist is rising and passing softly away. The tide is high, for it is very close up to O Kinu's village, the pleasant village of Oiso in Sagami, and it is still rising, for there is no trace along the shore of the pebbles that the ebb leaves wet. And Oiso with its old-world thatches of straw and its fantastic fir tree, Oiso with its little bay and the far gray guardian mountains half shutting it from the sea, seems such a place as an elf-king might well choose to be the capital of faëry.

I think that the chief delight of this book is its pictures. One shows a bitter, frosty morning, the lake frozen, rushes white and stiff, and the shore heaped up with snow; two crows are abroad searching; and the trees with their great gnarled fingers grip the world, against the winds of the winter.

Another shows twelve gusts of wind coming down by night out of the mountains and arousing the evil passions of the lake. Not unlike it is the picture of high and sudden winds, underneath which arise the clamorous multitudes of the clutching fingers of the insatiate sea whose salted heart is athirst for the blood of men.

Pleasant is the picture of the black rocks where written prayers are tied because of what Denbei and O Tagahana did, long ago in the Firefly Valley.

And there is an interior of a temple with saintly carven figures and the bloom of the lotus before them, the lotus bloom that Egyptian sculptors loved four thousand years ago, the same that waylaid Odysseus and his men. And Oba Kogi-Chika is looking for Yoritomo who is hidden in the great tree, and all the other trees of the forest seem to be in the secret.

Another lovely picture is the restful idol of Kwannon, and the islands and the sleepy inland sea, and one behind the other, white and small, three venturous

sailing ships of the Japanese. Yogodazu, too, is shown just after sunset, as two cranes are flying home, by the side of a melodious ravine, saving the life of a bee who is in the toils of a spider. And it was well for Yogodazu that he did, for he was in trouble, but that night the bee appeared to him in a vision and promised him victory. And Yogodazu began to raise objections, so hopeless seemed his case. But the bee smiled. And Yogodazu in the end took the bee's advice and defeated his relation-in-law and built a temple to the bees, and prayed there once a year for the rest of his life.

A storm by night over Sagami Bay, and the fishing boats are all drawn up in rows, in comfort on the beach, and the houses of the fisher folk are glowing and warm. It is the night that O Cho San drowns herself because all the men of the isle are quarrelling over her beauty, and there had been no trouble in Hatsushima till she was born—not for three hundred years. And still when men pray at her shrine on the 10th of June, the Shrine of O Cho San of Hatsushima, her spirit drifts over the isle in rain.

Read how an emperor came along the shore of lone-some Naoshima, playing upon a four-stringed instrument of music a very beautiful but crafty tune; and how famous Saigo took farewell of the resolute Watanabe, calling for all not to forget so admirable a man, and bowing low to him, and fixing for the place of his beheading the three pine trees, and for the time dawn.

And here I take my leave of the fireflies and the plum trees and the shadowy moonlit temples, and forests full of chrysanthemums, and the snow, and spirits of peonies and lotus lilies and swords, and holy Fuji-Yama; all of which lie behind the lattice and the cherry and the huge round harvest moon. And I take leave of them with these words running in my head, written by Robert Bridges to the nightingales:

"Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come".

CORRESPONDENCE.

WOLFE AND POSTERITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Syra, 26 September 1909.

SIR,—Is not too much fuss being made about General Wolfe? Not, indeed, of his exploits: we cannot easily over-estimate the splendour of his services or admire too much the nobility of his character. But this fashionable attempt to set him up as a martyr, thwarted by his fellows, unvalued by the nation he served: is it fair to his colleagues, is it just to his countrymen? Is it really true, as Mr. Edward Salmon claims in your columns, that he has had to wait a century and a half for the full meed of the nation's recognition? Has Mr. George Wolfe good cause for saying, as he did the other day at the commemoration dinner, that "this was the first time any genuine effort had been made to mark what General Wolfe had done for the country"?

An important point must not be lost sight of. It is that the deeds of prominent men of action are judged by two separate and distinct tribunals. On the one hand there is the general public, on the other the small body of critical opinion. Of the general public it is enough to say that it cares nothing for the details; it judges wholly by results, and gives all the credit of a campaign to the victorious commander-in-chief, sometimes wrongly, sometimes with justice. (I have myself heard men of breeding and education seriously maintain that Wellington was a greater soldier than Napoleon simply because he defeated him at Waterloo.) The much smaller body, on the other hand, examines minutiae, weighs the plans and the methods of execution; in fact, forms a reasoned critical judgment.

But which of these bodies constitutes "the nation", "posterity"? Obviously the first. And is it too much to say that the great mass of living Englishmen have been brought up to regard the conquest of Canada as begun and ended by Wolfe's glorious victory and heroic death on the Plains of Abraham?—that for a hundred such there are, say, ten who even remember

by name the gallant Saunders and the patient Amherst, and perhaps one who has even heard that a brigadier-general present claimed to have discovered the way that led to such memorable success?

The fact that such a claim was made is of itself nothing very new or startling or disgraceful; it certainly cannot convict "the nation" of ingratitude or forgetfulness. There have been many occasions, before and since, where the merit of the supreme decision or the critical movement has been claimed for a subordinate. Undoubtedly it was Colonel Hardinge who called up the division that turned the tide of battle at Albuerra: probably it was to Sir Charles Douglas that came the inspiration to break through the French line at the Battle of the Saints: perhaps we owe the taking of Gibraltar to the decision of Sir John Leake or Prince George of Hesse-Darmstadt: and certainly we may reject the pretensions of General Townshend to the first place among the conquerors at Quebec. But the general public cares for none of these things; for posterity these were the exploits of Beresford (or very likely Wellington), Rodney, Rooke, and Wolfe.

But if critical opinion bears out this last judgment it does not find it necessary to do so at the expense of others, to pass over the brilliant seamanship and loyal co-operation of Admiral Saunders, or to forget that in Amherst's Montreal campaign which finished the war "we seem" (to quote an historian, Mr. Julian Corbett, with no particular axe to grind) "to have before us one of the most perfect and astonishing bits of work which the annals of British warfare can show".

But the modern popular biographer is never content to depict his hero of his natural size among his fellows. The note must be forced, staccato, the colours heightened, the shadows deepened: the star actor must monopolise the limelight, whether it be an English hero who little needs such a treatment or a French mistress who as little merits it. So that even Mr. Salmon, who can be just to Saunders, has to tell us that "Wolfe had to bear up against not merely the sore trials of the campaign, but the want of sympathy in those who should have been his staunchest supporters"; that is, presumably, his brigadiers, whose most "unsympathetic" act was to reject his three tentative plans for a last desperate attempt below the city made at a moment of sickness and dejection, and to propose instead an attempt above which was not, but certainly led him to his own masterly and successful plan of attack at Anse du Foulon.

The truth is that no great man needs this appeal ad misericordiam less than Wolfe does. To call him in many ways singularly fortunate is not really to decry his singular merit. Yet these points deserve attention: (1) He was chosen at an early age for a great command by a Government that selected for contemporary expeditions such incompetent leaders as Mordaunt, Abercromby and Albemarle. (2) Of his superior in America, Amherst, it can be said "he behaved with conspicuous loyalty. All the high talent for administration which he possessed he devoted heart and soul to the preparation of Wolfe's force, and no expedition had ever been better equipped than that which Wolfe eventually found at his disposal" (Corbett's "England in the Seven Years War"). How great a contrast to the case of his noble adversary, Montcalm, ever harassed and thwarted by the vain and jealous governor, Vaudreuil! (3) His relations with his naval colleague made their amphibious warfare a model for all time: how different from those he had himself seen of Hawke and Mordaunt in the luckless Rochefort campaign! (4) Hard things have been said of his subordinates; but two of his brigadiers were men of his own choice and devoted to him, while the third, if intractable and opinionated, was at least an able and seasoned soldier. (5) And in his death? In this same war while Wolfe was earning fame and success in the lines before Louisbourg another young soldier marched at the head of a British force through American forests. In Lord Howe Wolfe recognised a kindred soul. "The noblest Englishman that has appeared in my time, and the best soldier in the British Army" he calls him; "a complete model of military virtue" is Pitt's verdict. No one who served with him questioned his exceptional promise, but the first blind shots of the first petty

skirmish with the foe cut short his career, and to measure his loss and his greatness there was nothing but the swift ruin that came upon the force of which he had been the life and fire. Wolfe's fragile, pain-racked body gave up his glorious spirit at the supreme and perfect moment: well might he declare that he died in peace.

Commemoration dinners, statues and monuments, a host of biographers—these may mark, they do not create, the memory of his deeds. The New England chaplain, himself a soldier of the war, knew better when he preached to his flock: "Is he dead? I recall myself. Such heroes are immortal; he lives on every loyal tongue; he lives in every grateful heart".

Yours faithfully,
ROBERT WEATHERHEAD.

THE 60TH AND ITS MOTTO.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10 October 1909.

SIR,—In the interesting account of Wolfe which recently appeared in your REVIEW there is a small mis-statement of fact which would hardly deserve correction were it not that it was given some publicity at the time of the Wolfe celebrations, and has since been repeated in the papers. It is to the effect that the 60th Rifles, for their intrepid conduct at the taking of Quebec, were granted the motto "Celer et audax". All will agree that no more suitable motto could possibly be granted to a corps of riflemen, whose especial attributes are rapidity of movement and boldness. Unfortunately for the historical accuracy of the tale there was no regiment of Rifles at the taking of Quebec or anywhere else in the British Army until over 40 years later.

The regiment which distinguished itself by its celerity and daring at Quebec was the 60th Royal American Regiment of Foot, which had been raised some few years previously for service in America only—it being composed largely of foreigners. This regiment was clothed in red, and equipped and armed, as were all other line regiments, with "Brown Bess" muskets. In 1816 it was clothed in green, and in 1824 it was reconstituted as a "British corps" and brought to England, as described by the regimental historian, Captain Wallace. It was now that its name was changed from 60th (Royal American) Regiment to 60th (Duke of York's Rifle Corps and Light Infantry), a title, in 1830, changed to 60th (King's Royal Rifle Corps).

It was about 1824 that the regiment was permitted to resume the motto "Celer et audax", which, according to regimental tradition, had been conferred on it at the taking of Quebec. The exact circumstances of the granting of this motto, who gave it (for Wolfe was mortally wounded early in the day), who authorised it, and why such a proud distinction was discontinued, will no doubt be fully set forth in the history of the King's Royal Rifles, now in preparation.

The whole question has been curiously complicated by the addition in 1798 of a 5th Battalion of German riflemen to the 60th, which wore the green jacket and gained for the regiment its many Peninsular "Honours". But, so far as is known, this battalion of Rifles seems never to have borne the famous regimental motto "Celer et audax", for it was disbanded in 1818, and it was not until 1824, six years later, that the motto was "revived". Hence the plain fact remains that however well-merited the splendid motto of the present King's Royal Rifle Corps may be, or however suitable it may be considered for such a corps, it has nothing whatever to do with their prowess as riflemen as has been so recklessly stated and so universally repeated.

Your obedient servant,
VERITAS.

IS FRANCE DECADENT?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10 October 1909.

SIR,—As a Frenchman I am perhaps hardly able coolly to discuss the question "Are the French a decadent nation?" but I regretted to see such a rash statement as that made in the last letter of "A Traveller" and printed in your REVIEW.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW has always endeavoured to present without malignance or injustice the home policy of France; and this is all the more reason why I think it important that misstatement should not be permitted here.

"A Traveller" regards anti-theism as an evident sign of decadence. But on his next journey to or from Italy let him remain for some days in the French "province"; let him on Sunday visit the churches in towns or small villages; let him ask here and there the opinion of parents on the religious teaching of their children; let him visit the hospitals and cemeteries, and realise how infinitesimal is the number of families in which religion is treated as of no account, and marriages or funerals regarded as purely civil ceremonies.

No doubt he will understand then that wild anti-theism, which is an acute form of the political disease "anti-clericalism", is still very scarce, and he will reassure himself.

I am yours truly,
FRENCHMAN.

DR. JOHNSON AS JOHN BULL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Mill, Whitstable, Kent,

1 October 1909.

SIR,—In the article in the SATURDAY of 25 September entitled "Dr. Johnson and his Eulogists" the writer condemns what he calls Lord Rosebery's "bêtise . . . the John Bull label". I know too little about the great Johnson to take up the cudgels for Lord Rosebery, but may I make one suggestion—that Lord Rosebery is not alone in his thus labelling the subject of his recent address? Boswell, in the "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides", says: "He was indeed, if I may be allowed the phrase, at bottom much of a John Bull, much of a blunt, true-born Englishman". In view of this, perhaps the writer of the able article in the last SATURDAY may be said himself to have committed a mild bêtise in his sentence, "Decidedly, Lord Rosebery's attempt to paste the John Bull label on the Lichfield statue was not a success". Boszy's being the original labelling, to Boszy surely the blame—or the praise.

Yours truly,
BETTINA VON HUTTEN.

"AMERICA'S PERIL."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

4 Whitehall Court, London S.W.

7 October 1909.

SIR,—In your review of my book "America's Peril" you say "It cannot be denied that Mr. Vaile has produced an amusing book, but his method is too vindictive", and "It is true that the United States is only a nation in the making and not yet civilised; but the unrestrained ferocity of the author conveys the impression of a castigation without discrimination". "Not yet civilised"! I am afraid the American who sees this will say "Save me from champions like this!"

I never object to any reviewer's opinions. I express mine very freely, and always concede to others the same right. I must confess, however, that I do not quite like the words "vindictive" and "unrestrained ferocity", although the latter amuses me.

The fact is that I could not be vindictive about America or the Americans. I like it and admire them too much for that. I am scathing at times, I know. I intended to be. The book is one-sided. I admit it in my preface, but, as I there state, it is unfortunately the side that America presents most prominently to the world. I was well aware that the admission would be forgotten—as it has been—by nearly all reviewers. My object has, however, been served, and the ugliness of American life caused by the all-absorbing and scorching dollar-grapple has been made very apparent. I was restrained enough to withhold this book from publication for quite two years after it was written, until, in fact, I had revisited America and a very good friend of mine, an American gentleman, had read it for me and said that it was not "too strong".

I am etc.
P. A. VAILE.

FRANCIS NEWMAN'S LATER VIEWS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 October 1909.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me space in which to reply to the letter by "Criticus" in your last issue?

He states that my assertion (in "Memoirs and Letters of Francis W. Newman") that Newman reverted in his last days to the creed of his earlier life "rests upon vague statements". Now, Sir, I cannot let these words pass without remark. There is certainly no vagueness about the fact that Francis Newman returned in some measure to his former faith during his latter years. It is impossible to read his letters, or those of others who knew him latterly, and then doubt it. It is equally impossible in a short memoir to give these letters in full, but they show that there was no doubt in Martineau's mind, nor in that of Temperley Gray, and others.

There is a spirit breathed forth in Francis Newman's later points of view that is more than convincing to those who weigh one letter with another, and it assures the reader that, though much dogma seemed always a difficulty in his religion, yet none the less the ship of his personal religion was steering straight for Christianity at the end of its long voyage across a sea of doubts.

I do not think in this connexion that we should forget that famous sentence of *Vogue's*: "L'écivain est surtout puissant par ce qu'il ne dit pas".

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
J. GIBERNE SIEVEKING.

"KING LEAR."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 8 October 1909.

SIR,—Mr. Leslie's letter in yours of 2 October is useful in its insistence on the uncompromising sex-portrayal of Regan and Goneril.

Goneril is fearless, direct, brutal; unscrupulous rather than cruel. The "moral fool, . . . milk-liver'd" Albany—Mr. Dawson Millward might have made a hit in this part—is not Goneril's fitting lord, and this splendidly elemental female is capable of any crime to possess her natural mate, Edmund.

But if Goneril is tigress, Regan is quintessential cat, domesticated, never civilised. She fawns and is fair spoken, but those brief touches—"Put in his feet", when Kent is condemned to the stocks; "What need of one?" when Lear's retinue is to be curtailed; "The other, too!" of Gloster's eyes, and the instruction for him to be bound "hard, hard"—show the feline delight of torturing a captured prey. Deceit and insinuation are Regan's methods. She is capable of intercepting letters, of corrupting serving-men; yet risks nothing, never gives herself away. Hark how she puts a gloss on parricide:

"Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life; moreover, to desecry
The strength o' the enemy".

And listen to the hollow mockery of her arrival at Gloster's castle. She finds the poor father distracted at the supposed treachery of Edgar:

"Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom: and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business
Which craves the instant use".

True to her characteristics of vanity, deceit and virulent spite, it may be gathered that Regan plights herself to Edmund mainly to snatch him from Goneril. And there is Gloster's comment, "Your cruel nails". Does Mr. Max Beerbohm maintain that Regan is a sexless monster? The fact is, she is as womanly as Cordelia.

Your other correspondent notes that an archaic setting is out of keeping with the text of the tragedy. Surely Mr. William Poel's method stands justified by the Haymarket production! A play so bound up with legal procedure and the complexities of civilised conditions, full of allusions to customs and fashion of the day, is ludicrous except in Elizabethan setting.

I am, Sir, yours truly, M. J. LANDSEER.

"HOW SHALL WE SAVE OUR PICTURES?"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Constitutional Club, Weston-super-Mare,
10 October 1909.

SIR,—In view of your interesting article, "How shall we Save our Pictures?" with the conclusion that "unless the State funds are made adequate to meet the purchasing power of the American multi-millionaire, the destiny of our pictures is to go to America", I venture to think that a capital sum suggested by Mr. MacColl of one million pounds voted and set aside by the Government for that purpose would be soon consumed by the successive competition and caprice of multi-millionaires. Three of the latter who died recently—within the last four years—viz. E. H. Harriman, Russell Sage, and Marshall Field, left an average fortune of not less than twenty-five million pounds (and there are, and have been, Americans worth double and treble that amount). Consequently an expenditure of a quarter of a million pounds by any one of them for a work of art—and more than that price has been given by a single individual—would be like an ordinary English millionaire, in comparison, signing a cheque for ten thousand pounds for the purchase of a picture. Accordingly, in order to check the expatriation of works of art, in addition to the allotment of capital, an inventory would have to be made of private art treasures, and an excessive tax levied on their exportation, as is being done in Italy, where alarm about the deportation of "old masters" is rife. This might have the desired effect.

One favourable indication, however, is that a large proportion of the works of art purchased by wealthy Americans are given to their public museums and galleries, or find their way there after the owner's death. The art treasures bought by Mr. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Gould, Mr. Frick, and other millionaires, are to a large extent given to public institutions; that can seldom be said of the art purchases of our men of wealth. The desire of founding a family with all its accessories is not the ambition of the average wealthy American. Rich men, as well as well-to-do, give and bequeath with far more frequency, and with far more liberality, in proportion to their wealth, than is the case in England. Yet why should we so loudly declaim against our pictures going to America, where they mainly do go? We do not clamour when they find their way to the colonies. The late Professor Freeman, in his "English People and its Three Homes", constantly emphasises the fact that an American is an Englishman, and vice versa. The exported works of British art to a large extent find their new—yet still the same—home in the public galleries of America; there to be gazed upon and admired by countless Englishmen born in a vaster England. They are not lost to the race, as if they found their final resting-place in French, Russian, or German galleries. And since, within recent times, America has become the wealthiest and one of the most powerful nations, it has been the policy, and the best policy, of the British Government, as well as the older English people, to court her and to endeavour to draw tighter the family bonds of friendship, and consequently all means of furthering that object are worthy of encouragement. The taste for British art and literature, as well as things English in general, should flatter us—please rather than displease. When I was staying and travelling in America, on entering a museum or gallery, I remember with what pleasure and satisfaction I descried an English landscape or portrait painted by a well-known British artist, and surely the sons and grandsons of the Englishmen in America must, in similar circumstances, feel the same thrill of pride for the accomplishments of the race.

I am, Sir, yours etc.,

VIATOR.

[If our correspondent can see no difference between a British picture going to a British colony and its going to a foreign country, we have no common ground for discussion. To speak of the United States and its people as English in these days is merely absurd. For good or for bad the American people is a blend of every race under the sun. The purely English element gets steadily less.—ED. S. R.]

REVIEWS.

THE BOOK OF JOB.

"The Book of Job." By David Davies. Vol. I. London: Simpkin, Marshall; and Cardiff. 1909. 5s. net.

IN consequence of the same law of contrasts which causes a cockney age to marvel, as no previous age has done, at cataract and canyon and the eternal snows, the snippet-fed mind of to-day is fascinated by the majestic glooms and glories of the Book of Job. It must be studied with the Revised Version open, and yet it required the strong, rich music of the Jacobean English to make us feel its amazing beauty and power. What a gulf separates the dignity and imaginativeness of the human spirit, or at least the oriental spirit, in its primitive and patriarchal stage, from the same spirit at the end of four thousand years of the sophistication which we call Progress! But we are still puzzling ourselves over that old problem of providence and pain, though with a less naïve and childlike eagerness, for it is the way of childhood to be intense and curious about what is most profound and metaphysical.

A scissors-and-paste theory of inspiration wishes to break up the sublime unity of the Book of Job. It would be far easier to believe "King Lear" to be the work of a syndicate. "Job" is one of the very highest peaks of dramatic literature. On the other hand, personal drama was never, in early ages, pure fiction. The story of the afflicted prince and patriarch, "greatest of all the children of the East", and of God's dealings with him, was doubtless an Arabian tradition about a character understood to be historic, the dialogue portion of which was afterwards thrown into poetic form by inspired genius, probably in the era of Solomon. The book was then given a place, either as an original document or as a translation, in the Sapiential literature. Ezekiel speaks of Job as an individual who had really existed, and this was the usually accepted rabbinic view. The atmosphere of the tale, moreover, is entirely non-Hebraic, containing as it does no references to the Law of Moses nor yet to the glories and deliverances of Israel's history. It is not then the composition of exiles hanging their harps by waters of Babylon. The allusions to the non-Jewish astronomic mythology of the Orient, to the long-forgotten wars of the giants, the imprisoned Orion, the sweet influences of the Pleiades, the day-devouring leviathan or the land-devouring dragon of the deep, point also to an extra-Israelitish origin, primitive but not rude and barbarous. Job, like Melchisedech, was a saint outside the Covenant. What Dr. Liddon used to call the inspiration of selection placed his agonised questionings with God in the Sacred Canon, where more and more—but supremely in the New Testament—they found the answer which had seemed so dark, so wrapt in whirlwind and cloud. There is nothing narrow, particularist or local about this book, which Hugo was inclined to call the anonymous masterpiece of the human spirit. Its God is the Father of all men, and its "Vindicator" is the Saviour of all, in every age or clime, that believe.

Job has often been compared with Prometheus Vincetus, but his daring expostulation with Heaven is never defiant nor his uplifted outcry impious or insolent. He is at one with his interlocutors in upholding the absolute righteousness and goodness of the Most High, even while his bewildered spirit beats its wings against the inexorable bars of the Divine decree. Nor are the pious platitudes of the reproachful Comforters in the least like those of a Greek chorus, as the white of an egg tasteless, for they are always amazingly forcible and vigorous. Eliphaz, Bildad, Zophar and Elihu keep their end up with anything but feebleness. Only their arguments are an immense and most exasperating ignoratio elenchi, yet not so irritating, perhaps, to a chafed and wounded spirit as that unctuous optimism of a good digestion and pachydermatous cheerfulness which so often consoles the modern sufferer with breezy Browningsisms and self-complacent assurances that all is well with the world. Pestered by the new theology which denies the reality of sin and the new science which denies the reality of pain, the thrall to both sin and pain

may feel a desire, with the unhappy king, to sit upon the ground and talk of worms, of graves and epitaphs, or to cry out with the Apostle, "Infelix ego homo! Quis me liberabit de corpore mortis hujus?" He would fain lie down in the dust with that sad bedfellow under the "Miserrimus" tombstone in the Worcester cloisters, or "inch by inch to darkness crawl", deeming perhaps that he alone is blest who ne'er was born. Johnson in his melancholy was enraged by Soame Jenyns' "Enquiry into the Origin of Evil", wherein evil was satisfactorily demonstrated to be only another kind of good. Yet, like Job, Johnson was an energetic believer. The Byronic pose and the novel of fictitious misery were not then invented, or he would have made short work of them. He believed that sorrow predominates in life over joy, yet that life is "worth living", for God has willed it, only we cannot understand His purpose, seeing that men are led by a way they know not. Johnson feared to die, for he trembled to meet his Judge. Job dug for death as for hid treasures, for in the grave the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. But neither was he driven by despair into wretchedness of unclean living, or tempted to suicide. "All the days of my appointed time will I wait", said Job, "until my release come." There is no contention of two voices in his breast, no Hamlet-like soliloquising, but the issue is between him and his Maker. He is the pleader challenging the Almighty to show cause, and again he will stand forth as the defendant, and calls for the indictment to be produced. Until that last cry, "Now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes", he insisted on his integrity before God and man.

Certainly Job's "patience" is endurance rather than meekness. God has made man in His own image, and so has given him, in a sense, a right and locus standi to test the Divine righteousness by the standard in his own conscience. Nevertheless, man must recognise his own ignorance and limitation, and the distortion of his moral perceptions through sin. Man is not the measure of all things. There must be trust and resignation. The Augustinian teaching of the absolute Divine Sovereignty is extraordinarily humbling, and yet nerveing and steady. So far from crushing initiative, it has inspired frail creatures of the dust to high endurance and determined deeds. It has been the backbone of character. It is the strength even of Calvinism and of Islam. But substitute for a personal Wisdom and an overruling Providence the materialist's doctrine of hard and relentless Law, an invisible impersonal Chess-player who makes no mistakes, who exacts every forfeit and allows no false move to be retraced, at once conduct is paralysed by helpless terror. Huxley bade us combat the cosmic process; but without belief in grace and redemption it does not appear how this is to be done. Job believed that the cosmic process is, behind the veil, profoundly righteous. He was not a pagan, nor yet an Omar Khayyám. How to explain his own undeserved affliction he knew not, but a Divine justice he knew there must be. He was not tempted to take refuge in a Manichean dualism, as though God were not almighty, but were hemmed in by barriers of circumstance, through which His goodness can only partially pierce. Somewhere or other Job knew that his Vindicator lived, and would stand at the latter day over his dust, and he would see God for himself, and not another.

The Book of Job has certain resemblances to antique tragedy. There is the peripeteia, the headlong fall of a man of high place and eminent virtue—yet not flawless—from the summit of prosperity to the depth of misery. And there is the Greek "irony", for the reader knows, what Job does not know, the explanation of his tragic ruin in that other scene which takes place in heaven, where the probation of his disinterestedness is arranged. This is well brought out in the latest Commentary on Job, by Mr. Davies, of Penarth, where a protest is made against the modern whitewashing of "the Satan" by representing him as a faithful but churlish retainer, only anxious that his Master shall not be imposed upon, whereas in the text he is certainly a malignant enemy of goodness. For Christians, again, the double action of this drama has a far higher significance than it could

have for those who knew not the coming mystery of the Cross, or only knew it dimly in such a spectacle as that of the just man suffering under God's hand.

A CHIAROSCURIST.

"The Annals of Tacitus." Books XI.—XVI. An English Translation, with Introduction, Notes and Maps. By George Gilbert Ramsay. London: Murray. 1909. 15s.

THE phrase "a scholar and a gentleman" has always had acceptance amongst us, and marks a real quality in English study of antiquity. We read to assimilate, and we reproduce our reading more or less directly in our action, especially in our public action. Gladstone and Homer, Cecil Rhodes and Plutarch, Lord Cromer and the Anthology, are instances of the conception that the field of the classics is the character, and that the character formed by them finds its pastime in them. It is an honourable view of study, and on the whole true. We cannot all be professors. The professor is necessary, to ascertain and verify the past, and to express it in terms suitable to each generation; but the recipients must not be professional, or learning returns upon itself and its blood is poisoned. For this audience, the scholar and the gentleman, Mr. George Ramsay, himself a shining example of both categories, has translated Tacitus' history of the Julian Cæsars. The characters of these princes are first-class historical matter, and the effect of Augustus, Tiberius and Claudius upon the world is of course amply worthy of any proconsul's study. The translation is in firm, clear English; interesting notes and admirable maps supply what extra information is necessary. All this is true; but in translation as translation there is a great gulf fixed between utility and success. The question must be put: Has Mr. Ramsay given us Tacitus? He thinks he has, and dwells on the point in his preface. He says "it is vain . . . to condemn a translation by saying of it that it may be excellent but that it is not Tacitus". Vain or not, it is exactly the truth about his version. The English is in some respects better than Tacitus' Latin; it is a well-bred, clean style, with plenty of motive power, unhampered by the original. It reads something like Lord Cromer's despatches; it has touches of Lord Rosebery; it is not in the least like Tacitus. Something is wanting; we will not say what.

Tacitus himself was not much of a proconsul. He did govern a province, as a late-found stone tells us, but he was below Cabinet rank, a good orator and magistrate; an observer. His book has not the first-hand value of an off-print of events which makes Cæsar's Commentaries unapproached; it is a study, by a man conversant with government, of the Emperors. Under a democracy, Tacitus says, the historian must understand the people, under an oligarchy the nobles; and now that Roman authority was practically single it was needful, however melancholy it were, to record and analyse the Princes. The frame of mind in which Tacitus did this is clear. Born at Terni, near the Falls which no one now goes to see, where the Velino drops into the Nera and causes secular litigation between Rieti and Umbria, of an ordinary family (though two hundred years later an Emperor was eager to claim him for an ancestor), he belonged by temperament as by connexion to the Stoics who formed what Boissier called the Imperial Opposition. Excellent, high-toned people, we follow them from Claudius to Trajan. They included such different characters as the gallant Cæcina; poor little Persius with his weak chest, writing satire eight miles out in the Campagna between his mother and his sisters, his African professor and his aunts; Thræsea, Persius' hero; various philosophers and the widows of these, whom people visited in after-times as relics of martyrs. Impracticable people, somewhat sour in aspect, Quakerish, and, if the word will out, accomplished prigs. Of this spiritual line Tacitus came; he was old enough to remember Thræsea's death; he must have been there when stout old Vespasian found himself obliged to execute Helvidius the elder: "non ante succensuit quam altercationibus insolentissimis paene in ordinem"

redactus". He served in Domitian's governments and bowed the knee. At last, when the golden age dawned and men could "think what they pleased and say what they thought", they all with one accord began to write. Juvenal chose scenes, Tacitus embarked on a consecutive chronicle. He did so as a kind of survivor, one who had overlived his time; he was ashamed with an almost hysterical regret to find himself alive: "nostrae duxere Helvidium in carcerem manus; nos Maurici Rusticique visus, nos innocenti sanguine Senecio perfudit".

To refresh his reader, accustomed to Livy and the great wars of the Metelli and the Æmilii, he inserts at intervals military narratives, laid in Germany or Africa. They are the weak part of his book: Roman military history was always vague, but Tacitus' rhetoric is of the most *éceurant*, and it may be disputed whether Germanicus, Tacfarinas or Sacrovir has inflicted most suffering on the reader. Tacitus was not indifferent to the Empire, and gives valuable details about it; he looked back with some pity to its beginnings under Augustus; Trajan had made it really great. He does not disguise the advantage, efficiency and justice of the Imperial government, but he regarded it mostly as routine. The Empire, in its present educational expression having ceased to yield constitutional edification, is equated by us with "Military Frontier Policy", but to Tacitus the centre seemed, as it still was, at Rome. Here, at the *caput rerum*, policy was made; hence princes were despatched to the East and the North; here foreign chiefs were interned, hither came the Asiatic king to show cause, the provincial to accuse his collector, the Jew of Tarsus on his appeal from *Cæsarea*, and by the same Appia the mage Apollonius. Therefore Tacitus devoted most of his work to chronicling the actions and analysing the motives of the Princes. A gloomy task! how different from republican annals, and even the struggles of consuls and tribunes! The necessity of Empire he admitted, but he was jealous of the Emperor. He did not put the most favourable construction on his acts. He thought, and with truth, that the position of Princeps entailed perpetual wakefulness, a trial of wit, to forestall the everlasting conspiracy, detect the points in the thicket; so he devoted himself to laying bare Imperial statecraft, and it is as a student of mind, a picturer of mental working, that he is strong. Whether he was always right we cannot tell; his events are confirmed and even the colour he put upon them in many cases is supported by Juvenal and that prince of *mémoristes* Suetonius. But motive is always speculation. With the vast amount of evidence we have the world is not agreed about Napoleon. The reading of character is art, not science. There may be too much shade in the picture, there may be too little. In the last resort the reader settles it for himself. But with this proviso there is no doubt of the value of these portraits from Tacitus' hand. Fate has robbed us of the mad Caius, and left us little of Domitian; but we have an outline, in cold grey, of Augustus, and full pictures of Tiberius, Claudius and Nero. Their minds were not simple, and their likenesses are not done with a few strokes. To read the despot's heart, alike in the Greek period and the Cinquecento, taxed the greatest minds. No wonder that Tacitus' Latin is dark, intricate, and takes back what it has just said. Like his Tiberius, he is "*compositus et velut eluctantium verborum*". To send or recall the centurion, to play the victim with talk about the weather, to try the limits of the præfect's power, the loyalty of the guard, and to foresee after all the mushroom, the knife or the pillow—no fluent Tullian Latin, no majestic Livian period, could render that; the translator, if he is to be more than useful, must give us Tacitus' casuistry, his smell of blood and his lampblack gloom.

BOHEMIAN PATRIOTISM.

"The Life and Times of Master John Hus." By Count Lützow. London: Dent. 1909.

THE little kingdom of Bohemia has had a tragic history. The westernmost of the surviving Slavonic nations, it is an island almost surrounded by people of German speech, and, like Ireland, it has received a large immigration of a race which accounts

itself superior to the natives. The proportions in the two cases are the same; a quarter of the population of Bohemia is German, and, just as in Ireland, is mainly either aristocratic or industrial. The difference of language forms a barrier as strong as that of creed could be. The Hapsburgs have taken care that there shall be no difference in religion—Count Lützow cites an execution for the possession of a Bible as late as 1755; but the cleavage of speech has been quite as effectual. To-day there are two Universities in Prague, entirely independent and teaching in different languages. Less than a century ago it must have seemed that German influence would prevail and Czechish speech and sentiment die out; but in Bohemia there has been a patriotic revival, marked by the growth of a vernacular literature and by an interest in the nation's heroic age and its one citizen of European fame.

John Hus, of course, is a memorable figure, though there is no feature of his character and fortunes which does not appear elsewhere in the same age. At the end of the fourteenth century Western Christianity was everywhere at its worst, and the public discontent which was to lead to the Councils and ultimately to the Reformation was expressing itself loudly. In Bohemia, not only did the Church suffer, as in England, from absentee Italian holders of preferment; but also from the predominance of German clergy in high places, and especially in the University of Prague, where the natives, though a majority among the students and teachers, were almost excluded from posts of governance. The Slavonic rulers had made it their policy to favour Germans, as Peter the Great did in Russia at a later day, and to encourage German immigration. In fact, through marriage with German families, these princes were more or less alien in blood from their people; the house, soon to become extinct, which ruled in the days of Hus was in the male line that of Luxemburg. Thus Germans held a position to which their numbers in no wise entitled them, and, like most of the prosperous clergy of the age, they were corrupted by wealth. The inevitable discontent took both a religious and a national form. No encouragement for Czechish devotion could be found in richly endowed parish churches or monasteries, and without any thought of secession chapels were built in which Czechish sermons were preached to crowded congregations. There was clearly a strong spiritual revival which might have been guided if the ruling clergy had risen to their duty. But the beneficed clergy and the University made themselves mere champions of a vested interest, and were, of course, supported by the worldly popes of the period of the Great Schism. The patriots could only reckon upon the support, for what it was worth, of the kindly but drunken King Wenceslas, whose whole career was one of failure, and whose inevitable successor, as everyone knew, was pledged to destroy his work. Yet in spite of opposition, rendered the more formidable by the charge of complicity with the teaching of Wyclif, the movement gained ground, and soon had a triumph in obtaining the control of the University, though at the cost of its German members, who seceded to Leipzig and first made Germany a home of learning. The bitterness bred by this defeat has never ceased, Count Lützow tells us, to be cherished; and German historians have persistently misrepresented Bohemian history. He valiantly attempts to whitewash King Wenceslas and to minimise the influence of Wyclif; but his best apology, and it is a strong one, is the unvarnished account of the evils against which Hus and his party contended. Nor can we deny our sympathy to their patriotic spirit. While Germans regarded, and still regard, them as mere barriers to the spread of a uniform Teutonic civilisation, their purpose was to preserve their nationality, and it is significant that when an endowment was founded in 1388 for poor students to seek knowledge abroad, the Universities specified were Oxford and Paris.

Thus there was a clear issue: vested interests, German and ecclesiastical, on the one side; the spirit of reform and nationalism on the other. It is no wonder that the religious leaders, and still more their followers,

(Continued on page 480.)

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exaggerated after the true mediæval fashion, and talked of Antichrist and the approaching end of the world, while the existing state of the Church grew steadily more hopeless in their eyes. Nor can we be surprised that the marriage connexion between the royal houses of Bohemia and England rendered the English movement of reform and protest familiar and attractive. Count Lützow is disposed to minimise English influence upon Bohemia; similar causes, he says, would in any case have produced similar effects in the two countries, and Hus, though he would not condemn Wyclif, was never his follower. In many ways he was the more conservative; he always, for instance, said his daily Mass and insisted upon the celibacy of the clergy. It is true that, like Wyclif, he proposed to subject the Church to the State in the interests of reform, holding with considerable reason that it was hopeless to expect the Church under John XXIII. to reform itself. But Hus was far more deeply interested in spiritual than in administrative matters, nor was he the beginner of the strife with the papacy. The burning of sham papal bulls in 1412, a protest against the sale of indulgences which had recently begun, was not his work; nor was this curiously exact anticipation of Luther's action approved by Hus after it had been accomplished.

Yet by that time the die was cast. His opponents had already been assailing him for four years, and as his religious influence over the people of Prague increased, so did the hostility of the beneficed clergy to whom his life and teaching were a reproach. In 1412 they obtained his condemnation as a heretic at Rome, and in 1414 he started, amid the fears of his friends, to appeal to the Council of Constance. He went under the safe conduct of Sigismund, King of the Romans though not yet Emperor, and the breach of that promise was to save Luther at Worms, when Charles V. refused to incur the disgrace of his predecessor. It is needless to say that his trial was a mockery and his death predetermined. His execution, at the age of forty, was the beginning, not the end, of trouble. At once there was a national revolt, marked by the adoption of communion in both kinds, a practice which Hus had not introduced though his doctrine of the responsibility and corresponding privileges of lay people had made this claim of equality with the priesthood seem natural to his avengers. Sigismund was the heir of Wenceslas, but he was never able to enter into possession of his inheritance. In a marvellous succession of victories the little Bohemian nation baffled the powers of Germany, engaged in what was a crusade as well as a war of conquest. Then followed internal dissension, the fierce Taborites, ancestors of the gentle Moravian Christians of later times, being suppressed by the dominant Utraquists, whose practice of communion in the two species was the law of Bohemia from 1433 to 1567. They failed, though they desired it, to obtain the episcopate, but maintained a well-ordered Church and their national freedom till the Thirty Years War. Though the Hapsburgs in the long run gained the crown, they had to submit to constitutional guarantees, and even the restoration of a hierarchy in communion with Rome did little to restore the people to that Church. After the German reformation the Utraquists became practically merged in the Lutherans, and Bohemian patriotism henceforth allied itself with North Germany. At length, in 1618, in anticipation of an expected attack on their liberties, the Bohemians revolted, and chose the Calvinistic Count Palatine, the son-in-law of James I., for their king. He was but the "winter king". The long war which was to end in the final check of Roman aggression began with the suppression of Bohemian liberty and with a systematic persecution which lasted from 1620 to 1781. The nobility were exterminated or expelled, and a new race of landlords introduced, as in the Ireland of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Utraquism has utterly disappeared, and Moravians are hardly to be found on their original soil. But with the recent revival of Bohemian patriotism there has arisen a new pride in John Hus, and Count Lützow says many loyal adherents of the Pope desire that his reputation may be restored, like that of Joan of Arc. He has himself done

his best for the cause. A learned historian, whose competence has been shown by earlier English works, he writes our language with ease and accuracy, though we could have wished that a more careful reading of the proofs had removed some slight blemishes and some errors in the printing of Bohemian names; nor can we think that his patriotism needed to be emphasised by giving such well-known places as Pilsen and Brünn their Czechish names of Plzen and Brno. His narrative brings him more than once into interesting contact with England: he introduces, among others, a Flemish diplomatist in the service of Henry IV., whom even the Dictionary of National Biography has failed to notice, Sir Hartung van Clux, K.G.

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